

Wm Williams
THE

DREADFUL SUFFERINGS

AND

THRILLING ADVENTURES

OF AN

OVERLAND PARTY OF EMIGRANTS TO CALIFORNIA:

THEIR

TERRIBLE CONFLICTS!

WITH

SAVAGE TRIBES OF INDIANS!!

AND

MEXICAN BANDS OF ROBBERS!!!

WITH MARRIAGE, FUNERAL, AND OTHER INTERESTING CEREMONIES AND CUSTOMS OF
INDIAN LIFE IN THE FAR WEST.

COMPILED FROM THE JOURNAL OF MR. GEORGE ADAM,
ONE OF THE ADVENTURERS,

BY PROF. WM. BESCHKE.

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## INTRODUCTION.

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It was in the month of September, 1849, when a company of young men, most of whom had just arrived from France, were sitting and discussing in the "Exchange" saloon at New Orleans, where the daily papers gave a manifold echo of the striking news from the Gold Regions in California. Wise and overwise people shook their heads in philosophical doubts of these golden stories; but our young heroes believed every word of the "doubtful tale," (as the head-shaking philosophers called the intelligence from California) and immediately resolved upon going there by land. They were not at all ignorant of the difficulties, fatigues and dangers of such a journey; but with them nothing appeared too extraordinary. Most of the Frenchmen had bravely fought through the great insurrection of June, 1848, in Paris, when their lives had been at stake for several days and nights, retreating only step by step, overpowered by the numerous armed underlings of General *Cavaignac*. At length, after losing every thing but their honour, they had safely reached Havre, and embarked for the great and only asylum of the unfortunate and oppressed, which is modestly called the United States. Such youngsters consider difficulties, fatigues, dangers, &c., as trifles: thus, the land expedition to California was resolved upon, as if it had been a pleasure-excursion.

*Carrel*, a native of Paris, about thirty-six years old, was unanimously elected by his comrades for their first leader. He had travelled through several of the United States, and lived for some years at New Orleans, engaged in one of the first commercial houses there. His noble character, developed by an excellent education; his enthusiasm for liberty, to which he would devote and sacrifice all his fortune, and his unimpeachable life, entitled him to such a preference, notwithstanding his modesty, with which he at first refused to accept the office of a first leader of the party. After thanking them for their confidence, he said:

"My dear friends! Now let us act with energy, prudence, and courage, without losing one day in idleness. I wish you to appoint our noble friend, Adam, as my second; he not only equals me in every respect, but he knows the English as well as the French and German languages; and since we left Europe, he has begun to speak Spanish. Adam was also unanimously elected for the second leader of the company, and Carrel gave him the important charge of a journalist, which Adam gladly undertook, as his little vanity was not a little flattered, to write down the future "Exploits of the Heroical Band of daring Adventurers, travelling to California across the great wilderness." And, Carrel continued, "such a journal may be very useful to others, who will follow us, and even to ourselves during our journey. Now, I propose to increase our small number by some hardy and select men of other nations, for they all may be of great service in the expedition. But, I repeat, they must be hardy and select men, as we are ourselves, having equal shares with us, in every thing, bad or good, loss or gain."

(Adopted.) "I propose Adam to look out, and judiciously inquire after such persons, who shall become our companions, within one week from to-day." (Adopted.) "We will meet here every evening from to-day. After a week, a general and final meeting will be held here, at which every one of us must be present." (Adopted.)

It was done accordingly. Adam attended well to his business, and selected the following persons: two Americans, one Yankee (of Connecticut) and one Kentuckian; one Englishman, one Scotchman, one Irishman, three Germans, one Saxon, one Tyrolese, and one Swiss; two Italians, one Neapolitan, and one Venitian; one Spaniard, and one Mexican—in all, twelve new members of the party, so that, with an equal number of Frenchmen, there was a company of twenty-four stout and resolute adventurers, attending to the general and final meeting, at the above mentioned public saloon in New Orleans, on the first Monday of October, 1849.

Adam introduced the new companions, telling every one's name and country, to Carrel, and the other older members, whose names he gave in return, adding that they all were genuine natives of his own dear France. We must mention here all these names, &c.:

Carrel, Adam, Roger, Dorsal, Gaston, Larmory, Bertié, Avilon, Hector, Gilot, Pally, Manuel—all Frenchmen; Johns, of Connecticut, Downing, of Kentucky, Clarke, an Englishman, Cummings, a Scotchman, Donalson, an Irishman, Arland, of Saxony, Maxle, of Tyrol, Urban, of Switzerland, Bolzano, of Naples, Tivocati, of Venice, Martinez, a Spaniard, Sylvio, a Mexican.

After they had heartily shaken hands all together, Carrel said with emotion:

"Dear friends and comrades, we now form a union for a great purpose, in which we engage our lives and fortunes: let us faithfully swear, and stick to it as honourable men, standing all for one, and one for all!" "One for all, and all for one!" they all answered, enthusiastically, lifting up their hands in affirmation of what their lips were swearing they would perform. It was a beautiful scene to behold twenty-four fine young men, who swore allegiance to each other, voluntarily pledging their honour to devote their lives and their fortunes to the common welfare of all.

When the storm of enthusiasm had somewhat subsided, Johns took the word, and said:

"Let us now consider, my friends, how we will raise the necessary means or funds for our expedition. Shall every one of us go on *his own hook*? as we used to say in Connecticut, or,"—He was interrupted by Carrel, who answered:

"In order to come to a conclusion with that business, I will propose a plan: let every one give according to his own will or means, more or less, depositing his share, unobserved, into a covered box, which, after being well shaken, is to be opened before the whole company, when the amount shall be counted and disposed of to our purposes." This plan was immediately adopted, each putting his share privately under the cover into the box. The money was counted, and found to amount, all together, to \$4,995.

At last, Carrel brought forth a proposal, concerning the name of the company, which he wished to be called the "California Phalanx;" which name was adopted by general acclamation, whereupon the meeting was adjourned till the next morning.

When the members of the "California Phalanx" met again, on the following day, they were struck at the appearance of an Indian in their meeting-saloon. Carrel introduced him to the company under the Indian name of Waanataa, which means "foremost in battle;" this name he had inherited from his grandfather, a great chief of the Sioux Indians. He was a fine young man, about twenty-five years old, with a noble countenance, his eyes expressive of sound intelligence, while his manly figure bore the marks of great bodily strength. He underwent their inquisitive looks with a great deal of patience, or rather pride, as he was evidently aware that they admired him. After having somewhat satisfied their curiosity by looking at him, they heard Carrel give the following explanation:

"My friends, I have the pleasure of proposing to you the admittance as a new member of our California Phalanx, this respectable youth, Waanataa, the noble grandson of a great chief of the Sioux Indians. He has been recommended to me by my banker, as faithful and honourable; so I do not hesitate in taking the responsibility for whatever he may do as a member of our union. He is quite independent, and has voluntarily resolved upon accompanying us to California; speaks the English and many Indian languages perfectly well, so that there is no doubt he will be of the greatest value to us during our expedition, besides the interest arising from his agreeable personality."

While this was spoken, Waanataa did not seem to understand one word of it: his features were quiet, serious, and unconcerned; but when all surrounded him, calling his name, and shaking his hand, he grew friendly, and gave an answer to every question he was asked. However, he refused to comply with one request, made by Downing, to sound the Indian war whoop; earnestly declaring, that such an awful thing was not fit for being played with, adding, with a proud smile: "Perhaps you shall hear it once for good and all, in yonder wilderness!" All were pleased with, and struck at this sensible answer of the noble Indian youth.)

Now, let us pass over to the fragments and extracts from Adam's "Journal of the California Phalanx," with very few alterations or additions by the compiler, who only adds, in conclusion, that Adam thinks it is better, in writing plain English, to put the prepositions at, for, on, with, &c., before, than to put them after the verbs; thus, he says: at what do you laugh? for which does he look? on what do they live? with whom do we agree? &c., instead of saying, as usually, what do you laugh at? which does he look for? what do they live on? whom do we agree with? who does agree with him? &c. He also thinks it would be shorter, and often save half the trouble, to leave out many unnecessary letters in English words; for instance, "*your wife*" could be written with half so many letters, "*ur yf*," saving trouble, room, ink and paper.

W. B.



FUNERAL CEREMONY OF THE SIOUX INDIANS, WHO PLACE THEIR DEAD ON THE TOPS OF TREES.



# FRAGMENTS AND EXTRACTS

FROM THE

## JOURNAL

OF THE

### CALIFORNIA PHALANX.

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WE left New Orleans Oct. 4th, 1849, on board the steam-boat "Martha Washington," and were glad to get out of that city at length; but we must confess that no other place in the world could have afforded us so good an opportunity to compose and complete our Phalanx, with so valuable members. Twenty-five respectable and fine fellows, (myself, of course, included,) who set out for California, to make an overland journey of more than two thousand miles, through the wilderness! Well! *We* are the daring adventurers!

*Waanataa* seems to be delighted, perhaps in anticipation of soon seeing again his native wilderness. Every one looks with pleasure and concern at the handsome fellow, whose national garments attract the looks of all the passengers on board, particularly those of the ladies, who smile, with evident jealousy, at the supposed vanity, or rather coquetry, of a man, to adorn himself with so many gay and motley colours. At dinner, the fair ones were struck at *Waanataa's* gentlemanly demeanour and fine manners. Neither before nor after dinner did he—the "*savage*,"—chew any tobacco, or drink any "fire-water,"—called brandy, gin, grog, whiskey, &c., as some of their "well educated" beaux and husbands did, pestifying their own breath. *Waanataa* was not yet so far "civilized" as these "gentlemen."

Our French comrades were rather noisy at dinner, so that the American ladies and gentlemen seemed very little pleased with their company, for they continually whispered together and sneered, while they looked at the loud talkers.

Toward evening, we had quite a pleasant amusement on the upper deck. Our three Germans, *Arland*, *Maxle* and *Urban*, gave a fine vocal and instrumental concert, which delighted all on board. *Arland* played the guitar, and sang, with *Maxle*, a German song, to which *Urban* blew the clarinet.

Thus our first day on board the steam-boat was very agreeably spent, and so were the next few days, without any occurrence worth mentioning, except that our three concert-givers delighted us every

day with some new songs, or pieces, in consequence of which we Phalangarians anticipated great musical pleasure during our journey to California.

We arrived at St. Louis on the 19th October, where we were advised to complete our provisions, and to purchase mules, &c., not at St. Louis, but at Fort Independence, where we could get them at least as cheap as in the former place, saving the expenses of transport. So we went on and up the Missouri river to Independence. Here the company held a great council, whether they should travel exclusively on mules, or partly on mules and on wagons; at length the opinion prevailed, that it was better on mules, and without any wagons, because of the difficulties to cross rivers and mountains with the latter: Fifty mules were at once purchased, so that every member of the company had one for riding, and one for carrying his baggage; and afterwards, on consideration of possible accidents, in cases of losing any mules, ten more were added, and a mounted driver was appointed to watch them. So our whole party consisted of twenty-six persons and sixty-two mules, when we started from Independence.

Every one was sufficiently provided with many kinds of dry victuals for several months, besides ten pounds of rice, which should not be touched but in the utmost necessity. *Adam* had proposed this measure of prudence, stating that any person could live on two ounces of rice, boiled in water with a little salt, every day for several months successively: thus, ten pounds of rice, (at sixteen ounces each) with a proportioned quantity of salt, would be sufficient to feed one person for eighty days.\*

We were provided with as many tents as our number required. Among our stock of things we had some articles for trading with the Indians—Mackinaw blankets, red cloth, vermilion, &c.—according to *Waanataa's* good advice.

Our rule of travelling was, that we should always keep together as much as possible, riding along by two and two. Any loss of provisions, &c., was to be borne by all in common. Every one was armed with a rifle, a pair of pistols, six pounds of powder, twelve pounds of balls, a sword, a dagger, and a pocket-knife.

We reached Fort Leavenworth on Wednesday, the 22d of November, one year and two days after the departure of Lieutenant Beale's party for Bent's Fort and Santa Fé. Up to Leavenworth we might still consider ourselves within the limits of civilization, but beyond that place commenced the real wilderness of the Great West, inhabited only by savages and wild animals.

On Friday, the 24th of November, we started from Fort Leavenworth, after we had added six oxen to our stock of provisions.

Nothing of consequence happened on the first day of our journey towards Fort Laramie, except that Donalson, our Irish comrade, was

\* This was proved during the siege of Gibraltar, in 1782, when General Elliot, the gallant commander of the small British garrison, lived for several months upon two ounces of rice daily, (and so did the people under his command,) standing against a besieging army of 30,000 Frenchmen and Spaniards, until the peace of the 20th of January, 1783.

thrown from his mule, just before crossing a little creek, which the stubborn animal refused to pass, notwithstanding the repeated blows and pulls of its angry rider; the more he pulled forward, the more it retreated backward, until, at last, Pat out of patience, exclaimed, "Faith! I see what's to be done: every *man* will have his own way." He now took the mule by its tail and pulled backward, when, lo! the stubborn creature rushed forward, running through the water, while Donalson followed, holding its tail with one hand and the bridle with the other.

"Donalson!" joked our Yankee upon him; "I calculate, before you're thrown down the next time we come to a stream, I'll give the refractory *critter* a good pull by its tail in your behalf; or, will you turn about and sit backwards, taking the tail for the bridle?" Pat was wise enough to join the general laugh, and promised to call for Johns whenever his "baste" wanted its tail pulled again.

At noon we made a halt for one hour. About two hours after we had moved on again, Maxle and Urban, who rode in the rear of our cavalcade, suddenly shouted, "Indians!" These, however, turned out merely to be a large flock of crows, busily engaged and flying about our last stopping-place. This false alarm gave us all an opportunity to show our still imperfectly exercised readiness in fighting all on a sudden; but Johns took it for a good joke, in explaining the difference between these crows and the "Crows," (a tribe of Indians,) near the Rocky Mountains, whose war-whoop, he supposed, to be somewhat louder than the unharmonious crowing of these feathered gentry, that had frightened Maxle and Urban's musical sensibility into such a blunder. "I reckon, our able singer, with his talented companion on the clarionet," railed Johns, "wo'n't get out of their temper, or of their tune, at seeing those other 'Crows' wielding tomahawks instead of wings; but for this time they have both hit wrong notes, I presume."

Towards evening we discovered, not far from us westward, a small group of real Indians, without being, however, frightened at their appearance, which was not at all warlike, as they were men and women in equal numbers. Some of the squaws carried their papposes, bound fast upon boards, on their backs, the little ones' faces turned backward, which were the only visible parts of their bodies, their arms and feet being wrapped up and fastened upon the boards, large ribbons issuing from these and going around the squaws' foreheads, which they bend forward, while they carried their little offsprings along. Neither men nor women were scared at our company, but approached us for the purpose of begging something from us. We gave the poor creatures all the copper money we had still in our possession, amounting to a little over one dollar, which we distributed among them in equal shares, while they nodded their humble thanks in receiving them, whereupon the oldest one of the mensaid, in plain English: "Gentlemen Americans, beware of the Sioux! They are not all as good-looking as that fine warrior," pointing to Waanataa, "who is the white people's friend, because they treat him like a brother." Waanataa said nothing, and smiled; but we thanked the poor Indian for his well-intentioned

advice, and being asked for the name of his tribe, he answered, with a kind of comical pride, "Cheyennes!"

When they had left us, Waanataa said to Carrel, whom he considered as the representative of us all, "Brother Carrel, be not uneasy for what this old Indian said against my red brothers, the Sioux. None of you have ever been in our land, nor have any of you done wrong to a Sioux. My life shall be forfeited, if any of the Sioux harm any of you, while I am with you; and I will not go away from you till you bid me go or do me wrong, which I know you never will, without cause on my part."

Carrel assured him, in the name of our whole union, that neither the least doubt on his account, nor any fear on that of his red brothers, the Sioux, prevailed among us. Waanataa replied:

"That is right. My people have buried the hatchet, and smoked the calumet of peace with the whites; so, although they have wronged *me*, they will not wrong *you*, if you do not take up the hatchet out of the ground against them."

"Brother Waanataa," said Carrel, "I know that your people have wronged you, and that you will never join them again; but I don't know what they have done to harm you so much. To-morrow is Sunday, and as we must have a day's rest, particularly for our animals, I pray you to tell us why and how you have left your own people, preferring to live with the whites."

After some consideration, which bespoke a certain reluctance, the Indian youth answered:

"To-morrow, I will comply with your wish."

We encamped in the evening near a small stream, bordered with underwood, that gave us fuel for a comfortable fire, as the nights were already a little cold for the season. As we had not slept much after midnight, in consequence of the howling of wolves about our camp, we were glad that we could now rest all the day, listening to Waanataa's narrative, which follows here in his own words.

"My tribe, you know, is that of the '*Dakotas*' or '*Sioux*,' amounting to about thirty thousand men, women and children. Our land is fertile, and lies to the north from here, between the rivers Missouri and St. Peter's, about the banks of the Big Stone Lake and the Sioux river. My people are mostly what you call savages, and many of them drunkards, the influence of your civilization being forced upon them chiefly by fire-water, as I have already told you, on board our steamboat; for, when I then spoke of Indians in general, I meant the Sioux in particular, according to my own experience. Most of our men hunt, while their squaws dig the fields, plant corn, cut and carry wood, make moccasins, &c.; they also carry water and all the baggage without the assistance of the men, who only hunt, eat and drink, play or smoke. Generally, a woman is bought from her father, by a man, to become his wife, and he may turn her out of his lodge and drive her away, whenever he likes, to take another, while she must confess herself a widow, and her children orphans, although her husband, their father, is yet living. Thus, you perceive, the squaws of the Sioux, in general, are mere slaves, and live in a condition of the utmost misery."

"Some thousands of our people have been induced to give up hunting, and to sell much of their portion of the Sioux country, at the mouth of the St. Peter's, to the United States' government, reserving to themselves only so much of it as is necessary to plant corn and potatoes, upon which they partly live, paying—or intending to pay—for their other necessities of life, with the money they ought to receive regularly, in the middle of each year, from the 'Agent' of the United States' government, according to the 'Treaty' with the latter, that such annual payment of the stipulated money, called 'Annuity,' should be made in the month of July, and not later, as then the planting season is over; and this being the best month to leave their homes, (many of them travelling hundreds of miles,) and to return thither in time to harvest their corn and potatoes. For these men of our people have improved and become civilized. They have begun to work with the women, whom they now treat better than before, while they, the men, are themselves treated worse by their white 'brothers,' and suffer the greatest injustice by them, being cheated of their money and time.

"Thus you see my friends, that such Indians as remain 'savages' and enemies of the whites, fare much better than those who become 'civilized' and make 'treaties' with them, which these never fulfil.

"But these general grievances of the Indians have almost made me forget my own, which I will relate to you: so let me now continue:

"I am proud of my grand-father, Waanataa, whose portrait I have seen at the house of the first War Counsellor, in Washington, thinking the whites must respect him, or else they would not have his likeness there. My father, although inferior to him, was also a gallant war-chief; but he died, fighting for his people and his country, when I was yet a mere boy; whereupon the bloody tomahawk was buried, and the calumet of peace smoked by the Sioux with the whites.

"To become a chief among the Sioux, one must have scalped a warrior of another tribe, and prove to have done so by producing the scalp; or he must have killed and scalped a white man, in war with the Sioux. I was not naturally disposed to acquire either of these bloody trophies, and consequently I was despised as a coward by my people, although I had never shown any fear in fighting or exposing my life, whenever we invaded the territory of the Pawnees, with whom we were constantly in warfare.

"During one of these expeditions, I ventured myself rather near one of the Pawnee villages, many miles distant from our country, expecting to find an opportunity for some exploit of bravery or skill, which might prove that I was not such a coward as my people supposed me to be, for none of them had ever gone alone so near, or rather among the inimical Pawnees, exposing himself to be killed and scalped.

"Seeing no warrior about the village, I judged that the main body of its warriors was perhaps absent on an excursion; so I laid myself down in an ambush among the shrubbery, where I waited for some adventure. The great light of the world had already been sinking half its way down, when I saw a beautiful Pawnee girl approaching me, as harmlessly as an innocent lamb would approach a hidden wolf. I did not

stir, but let her pass by, while I scarcely breathed for fear to frighten her; however, I involuntarily and suddenly sprang upon my feet, and she simultaneously turned her head; but, instead of running away, she stood still and waited till I had reached her, when she smiled, and said: 'Oh! although you be a Sioux, you will neither kill nor strike me; for, your eyes look mild, and tell me that your hands were never stained with human blood.' This confiding address disarmed me, and throwing away my weapons, to show my friendly intentions, I stammered in reply: 'Fair maiden! your words are sweeter than honey, and your features vie with the brilliancy of the morning sun. If I were not a Sioux, I would be a Pawnee, and hunt for you alone. Tell me your name, fair maiden!' She looked down, and replied: 'Although you be a Sioux, I like to believe in your friendliness to me. Tell me first your name!' 'Waanataa!' 'Oh! the grand-son of the far famed Great Chief? Well! Diora, the daughter of Petalesharoo,\* whom they call the Bravest of the Braves, is fit for becoming the squaw of young Waanataa; she will follow him to his country, plant corn for him and live in his lodge; as an orphan, she is free to leave her home, and no Pawnee has ever moved her heart.' While she concluded, I caught her in my arms, invoking the Great Spirit for our union, and answered in delight: 'Diora! my lodge is yours, and no other squaw shall ever plant corn for me, nor will I ever hunt for another but you.' We sat down and ate together our first common meal, a portion of my provisions taken along with me, looking and smiling at each other. Some hours elapsed before we thought of leaving, to get out of the Pawnee country; and while the sun sank down, the moon rose, as if to favour our flight towards my home.

"We rode along swiftly, but in silence, till the bright morning star ascended from beyond the far mountains, where the great light of the day begins also its course, when I heard a distant noise, coming from ahead of us, and after a few moments the war-whoop from a score of Pawnee throats yelled in our ears. Diora startled and exclaimed, 'Mackatana-Namakee! Black-Thunder and his band, who are going to invade your territory! 'While I tried to sooth poor Diora, who now informed me in a few words that she had some time ago refused to become the squaw of Black-Thunder, or Mackatana-Namakee, the leader of that body of warriors. The swiftness and strength of my noble horse could alone save us both from certain death, for Black-Thunder's vengeance would have been doubly satis-

\* "Petalesharoo was not a Chief, but a Brave, of the tribe of the Pawnees. (A Brave is a warrior who has distinguished himself in battle, and is next in importance to a Chief.) He was the son of Letelesa, a famous Chief, commonly called the Knife Chief, or Old Knife. When Major Long and his Company travelled across the Continent, in 1819 and '20, they became acquainted with Petalesharoo. In the winter of 1821, Petalesharoo visited Washington, being one of a deputation from his Nation to the American Government, on a business matter. This Brave was of elegant form and countenance. In 1821, he was about 25 years of age; but already before 21 years old, he was so distinguished by his abilities and prowess, that he was called the Bravest of the Braves."—*Biography and History of the Indians of North America.* (V. 116.) By Samuel D. Drake, Boston, 1834.



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"A sudden furious yell escaped him, but I claimed his immediate attention with my *tomakawok*, which clanked against *his* in repeated strokes, till at length he fell from his horse with a heavy groan."



ried, on account of rejected love and of national hatred, besides the ferocity of a Pawnee warrior and leader; but I was resolved that he should neither capture my beloved bride nor dance around my scalp; and we dashed along almost as fast as lightning, followed by Black-Thunder and his band, like a gloomy cloud chased by the winds, whose howling was more than outdone by the dreadful war-whoop of our fierce pursuers.

"When the foremost fired his rifle at us, of course in vain, I wielded and stopped my horse, aimed and fired, whereupon he fell dead from his horse, which ran away; but, in the meantime, his next follower had reached us and fired, yet also luckily without effect; wielding his tomahawk at his approach towards me, after I had dismounted, he cast a glance at Diora, who had remained sitting on horseback. A sudden furious yell escaped him, but I claimed his immediate attention with my tomahawk, which clanked against his in repeated strokes, till at length he fell down with a heavy groan, as I had broken his right shoulder by a blow, that disabled him to hold his weapon any longer. He now seemed to wait for being scalped and killed; but although I was his fair vanquisher, declined taking the savage trophy, nor did I kill him; to save Diora was my only desire, and I would have been ashamed to strike a conquered and fallen enemy, particularly in her presence, as he was unfortunate enough already in these humiliating circumstances, to be vanquished by one, who was his more successful rival in love. With one leap I swung myself behind Diora on horseback, leaving poor Black-Thunder half-dead on the ground, as his companions were already within rifle-shot, and I had no more time to spare without endangering our safety, as it would have been madness to stand alone against such a number of enemies. They all stopped when they reached their leader, and remained busily engaged about him, while every moment increased the distance between them and ourselves. He was, perhaps, induced by my generosity in sparing his life and in not scalping him, to forbid his warriors all further pursuit after us, or he remained unconscious, or he was dead, and they would not fight without him; for at sunrise, after some hours' fast riding, we saw nothing more of them.

"Diora was very talkative, both in riding and resting, and related to me some very interesting incidents of her father's and grand-father's lives, which I will try to relate here in her own words:

"'When my father was still very young, though he had already distinguished himself in battles, for which our people esteemed him like a chief, the Pawnees made war to the Iteans, of whom a young squaw was captured by one of our warriors.

"'He gave her up to the medicine-man, who doomed her to be burnt alive at the stake, in sacrifice to the Great Star. Letelesha, my famous grand-father, whom they called with great respect the *Knife-Chief*, had always opposed that old cruel custom of our people; but they listened more to the medicine-man, than to him, except in warfare. So the unfortunate Itean squaw was bound to the stake around which our people assembled in large crowds, to see her die in the flames. Young Petalesharoo was sitting silent among the spectators

till the flames had nearly reached their intended victim, when, lo! he suddenly stood by her side, tore the binding ropes asunder, and carried her in his arms across the perplexed crowds to a place at some distance, where he had before fastened two swift horses, one of which he charged with his rescued client, mounting upon the other, his favourite runner, and they disappeared before the astonished spectators. All this was done in a few moments. He brought her safe to the Itean country, and returned to his own, unconcerned at the consequences of his daring act, which no other Pawnee warrior would have done; but none durst censure him, not even the medicine-man, who was the most disappointed of all, and the virtuous Letelesha approved the good-nature of his noble son, of whom he was not a little proud.

“Before getting married, my father was sent by our people to the Great Father at Washington, the big village of the whites, where their fine and young squaws tried every means to move his heart, and loved him very much, because he had rescued the young captive Itean squaw, telling him that it was very well done, which he had not known before; and they gave him a silver medal, with marks upon it, which were to mean such fine words, that I have learnt them by heart from my mother who repeated them so often to me: “Brother, accept this token of our esteem; always wear it for our sakes, and when again you have the power to save a poor woman from death and torture, think of this and of us, and fly to her relief and her rescue.”\* He wore that medal, attached to a string around his neck, upon his breast, and was very proud of being so highly esteemed by the white squaws, nor was my mother, nor am I the less proud of their high esteem for my father, the *‘Bravest of the Braves.’*

“When a young Pawnee has become a man, that is, after killing some buffaloes or wolves, and after stealing or capturing some horses from other tribes, or from the white folks, he is allowed to look at the young squaws, none of whom respects a man that never killed a buffalo or a wolf, and never captured a horse, at least one, for a Pawnee without a horse is considered as poor as a Cheyenne, and he would rather be for his life-time without a squaw than without a horse. Now, when a lover wishes to win the heart of a young squaw, he puts his buffalo robe, with its furred side out, over his head, so that his face is almost concealed; then he goes to her lodge, enters and sits down, without saying a word; but she understands him very well, although she too says nothing, and after a little while he leaves her in silence. At the end of some days he returns to her lodge, and finding no seat prepared for him he must consider himself to be rejected; but if there is a seat, he takes it, and soon after the young squaw sits down by his side, and begins to talk with him. Then the parents, relations or friends, with whom she lives, make a feast, and those of the lover do the same, to which they invite each other, for discussing the matter together; and after the feasts the lover brings a horse, or some horses,

\* It is a historical fact that the young ladies at Miss White's seminary, in Washington, gave Petalesharoo such a medal when he was there as a representative of the Pawnees, in 1821.

if he has more than one to give, which he presents to her parents, relations or friends, and takes her in exchange as his own squaw.'

" 'I am very glad,' said I, 'that I need not part with my good runner for having you, my fair Diora, as he serves me better so for the same purpose, although—'

" 'Waanataa was too proud to purchase his Diora in exchange for a horse, but he fought for her like a hero,' said she with a smile, that bespoke her pride and her happiness, which I shared with all my heart.

" It was a fine sunny morning when we reached my native place, one of the villages in the Sioux country. The appearance of a Pawnee squaw there was so extraordinary an event, that in a few minutes after our arrival we were surrounded by a large crowd of men, women and children. Our Sioux squaws looked first with evident jealousy at my beautiful Diora; however, they could not for a long time resist her charming and harmless innocence, when she friendly entreated them to adopt her as one of their daughters and sisters. My fellow-warriors, particularly the younger ones, did not show any marks of opposition, when I publicly declared her to be my wife; but some of the more aged warriors, in accordance with, and probably instigated by our old medicine-man, became violently opposed to my union with a Pawnee squaw. They stuck to their old customs, which did not allow intermarriage between Sioux and Pawnees, and the present war between the two tribes was far from favouring an exception in our behalf.

" My friendly endeavours to conciliate my old, stubborn opponents failed, and I was too isolated among my companions, on account of my peaceable disposition, and my antipathy to scalping and killing our prisoners, or else I would have made a violent resistance to such a cruel oppression. I determined upon cunning to circumvent my oppressors, who had organized a real conspiracy to ruin me, which purported that I myself had conspired against my own people, having become a friend to their enemies, the Pawnees, to whom I would betray them whenever I could.

" It lay in my plan seemingly to yield and to submit as far as I could to whatever our people's common-council should decide concerning my marriage with Diora; but indeed I was resolved rather to die with her than live without her.

" One day I returned from hunting, and did not find her before our lodge, where she usually waited for my return, when I was gone out; instead of her I found there an old warrior, who had always been my friend, and who informed me that she was a prisoner in the lodge of our medicine-man; that it was surrounded by a body of our warriors, and that I could not see her till we both should undergo a public examination to be held the next day before our common-council. He added that she had refused to answer any question, except in my presence and with my consent, declaring, 'Diora does not fear any of you, all and every one, for she is the grand-daughter of Letelesa, the daughter of Petalesharoo and the wife of Waanataa.' This unexpected boldness on her part, who had always been so modest, had puzzled them all. They had been so awe-struck by hearing these celebrated names

in such a connexion with hers and mine, that none said a word in reply to her, whose origin had been a secret to every one of them ; but my mind misgave me bad consequences from exposing that secret in the present circumstances. Unable to do any thing now for her rescue, (for what could I do but die in fighting alone?) I suffered and waited with patience for the next morning, when all the warriors of our village assembled before the lodge of our medicine man, who presided over our common-council.

"I knew that he was the instigator of all the mischief against me, for he had never been my friend, because I had always opposed our old bloody customs of scalping and killing our prisoners, which customs he, as a blood-thirsty priest, would not give up, as they helped to preserve the declining power of priest-craft. As soon as the necessary silence prevailed around the assembly, he rose and said in a solemn and mysterious voice: 'Waanataa! You are charged with conspiring against our people, the Sioux, by your connexion with our enemies, the Pawnees. Defend yourself, if you can, before these warriors, who are your natural judges.'

"Let first my accuser step forth!" cried I, with a resolute consciousness of my innocence, 'Let me confound him, whoever he may be, as a base liar!'

"Well," said the haughty priest, 'I am your accuser! and the people know that the Great Spirit inspires me with the faculty never to err in what I think and say.'

"Then you are a base liar!" cried I with a firm voice, 'for you do not think what you say now, nor do you believe that I am guilty, or else you would look straight-forward at me, and not cast your eyes down, as you do now, in your consciousness of a culprit, while I can openly look into every one's face.'

"All my young fellow-warriors began to express their approbation for me in a rather loud murmur of applause, while the old ones looked in silence at the confounded priest, who did not utter one word in reply to what I had said against him.

"Fathers and brothers," continued I, 'could you ever suppose the grand-son of the great Waanataa to be a traitor to his people? No! I have perhaps done more in service of my people than any other Sioux of my age. I have in a single fight vanquished Mackatana-Namakee!'

"Black-Thunder!" echoed a hundred of voices all around, while every one's eyes were cast upon me with admiration, for none presumed to doubt the truth of what I had said, except the lying priest, who observed:

"Prove that you have been the vanquisher of Black-Thunder! Show us the scalp of Mackatana-Namakee.'

"No Sioux warrior will ever doubt the word of a Sioux warrior; for never a Sioux warrior was a liar!" So saying I cast a firm look upon my false accuser, who durst not raise his eyes, while his features bespoke a suppressed rage at the general outburst of applause that followed.

"I now related my adventures with Diora and my fight with the Pawnees, adding:

“Fathers and brothers, you all know my antipathy to scalping and killing a vanquished and fallen foe: I would not and could not scalp and kill Black-Thunder; but I have, either by my tomahawk or by my generosity, prevented him from an invasion into our country, which he intended with his party. Therefore, I presume to have well deserved of my people, and I claim the reward due to me, as to a gallant warrior. I claim the rank of a chief among you.”

“Waanataa must become a chief!” cried all the younger warriors in a chorus. “Waanataa has vanquished Black-Thunder! Mackata-na-Namakee fell by the tomahawk of Waanataa!”

“Never shall I forget that moment of triumph over my deceitful, miserable enemy, who sat there as if he was in expectation to be scalped. The great voting took place, and I was almost unanimously declared to be a chief.

“In the meanwhile, the cunning priest had invented another plan to destroy my life’s happiness in a manner that my rank as a chief must lose all its value for me. With an apparent resignation to the common will of our warriors, he acknowledged their privilege of electing me as one of their chiefs, because he could not do otherwise, observing that he expected I would follow his example in submitting to every other decision of their and the people’s majority, upon which I answered affirmatively, not supposing thus to seal in advance with my own lips the sentence of my noble Diora’s death.

“‘Well,’ said he, with an assumed dignity, ‘I speak to all the Sioux, men, women and children. Listen to me! I talk to you in the name of the Great Spirit. Is here any family who have not to mourn at least one slain by the Pawnees, our constant, irreconcilable foes? Is here no widow who lost her husband by a Pawnee? Are here no orphans who lost their father by a Pawnee? Is here no mother who lost her son by a Pawnee? Is here no Sioux warrior who has to revenge the death of a father, or a son, or a brother, killed by a Pawnee?’

“This abominable appeal to natural grief and national vengeance, which the cunning impostor knew thus to excite, was interrupted and answered by a general, horrible outbreak of lamentations and groans, which gradually grew louder and louder, till they were raised to the highest pitch, and turned into the yells of the dreadful war-whoop. I stood alone, unmoved and cool, in the terrible storm that surrounded me, because I thought of nothing else but the evident rascality of the artful priest, who continued—

“‘There he stands! unconcerned in your griefs and indifferent at your anger, only thinking of his love to a Pawnee squaw, the granddaughter of Letlesha and the daughter of Petalesharoo, called the *‘Bravest of the Braves,’* because he killed more Sioux than any other Pawnee ever did. Listen to me! I speak to you in the name of the Great Spirit. Let her be sacrificed in memory of all the slain Sioux, whose death was the triumph of the Pawnees! Let her die at the stake!’

“‘Let her die! let her die!’ interrupted him a thousandfold echo, that struck my heart with fear, which I had never felt before that

moment in all my life ; but my wonted courage soon returned to me, and I struggled in my mind for some calmness, to address the assembly, when Diora, who had heard every thing, broke through the door of the priest's lodge, her prison, followed by two watchers, who could not retain her any longer. They both retreated when they saw me. With one leap I was by her side, raised my tomahawk, and exclaiming, 'Who dares to strike my Diora? Who will fight with Waanataa? Let him come out? Who dares to raise his tomahawk against a Sioux chief, the grand-son of the great Waanataa?' None stirred, and all, even the oldest chiefs and warriors, remained silent, while I looked around with a calm fury that showed my resolution to fight and to die for my beloved wife ; but she put her soft hand on my mouth, and said with the meekness of a daughter of the Great Spirit : 'No bloodshed, Waanataa ! let me die for you ! Diora does not fear death !' And casting a steadfast look upon the cruel, homicide priest, she said, with a firm and loud voice, 'Prepare your stake ! I am the grand-daughter of Letalesha and the daughter of Petalesharoo, the "Bravest of the Braves:" I will show you that I deserve to be Waanataa's wife, in dying for him without fear.

"All sat in silence, as if they were thunder-struck ; but before any of them could answer, I raised her in my arms and carried her out of the assembly to our lodge, where my good runner stood ready for any case of emergency, and mounting with Diora, I left my country and my people, who, labouring under a tyrannical priestcraft, would have probably sacrificed me and my beloved wife to a wicked impostor, if we had any longer exposed ourselves to their superstition and his malignity.

"Three days and nights I rode on with my poor Diora in our flight, only resting as often and long as it was necessary for us and our horses, avoiding to approach the country of the Pawnees, while we withdrew from that of the Sioux. We were now both without a home."

"On the morning of the fourth day, we found, at length, a place fit for a longer stay. It was a natural cave in a rock, and we were delighted in discovering a little spring, not far below its entrance. When we had completed the arrangement of our little household, I prepared and left for hunting.

"I was fortunate enough, as a skilful and experienced hunter, to provide us with abundance before the snow fell, in which we were almost buried for some months. In the following summer, Diora increased my happiness with her by the birth of a fine and hardy son, upon whom we bestowed our united affection. We called him Diaro.

"But our solitude filled me at last with apprehension. What should become of my poor wife and child, if I were to die? Without me they must perish ; for our provisions could not hold out longer than through the winter, if they were not occasionally supplied with some addition. My antipathy to any connexion with other people was therefore overcome by connubial and fatherly love : I resolved upon looking out for some distant neighbour, with whom I might, perhaps, deal to mutual advantage. Diora had no objection to what I



proposed, and promising to return before the next fall of the snow, I started for the South, in order not to meet with any Sioux, whom I avoided more than the Pawnees.

"After travelling along with my faithful horse for a time, during which the moon changed and recovered its form—you call it a 'month'—I reached a large village of the Sac and Fox Indians, whom I supposed to be friendly to a single and peaceful Sioux, coming among them; but, unfortunately, I was greatly mistaken in this, as they had, or at least presumed to have, strong reasons to consider, and to treat every Sioux as an enemy. In the last war, which they waged under 'Black-Hawk,' and their second chief, 'Neopope,' against the whites, the latter was made a prisoner by a band of one hundred Sioux, who killed one hundred and twenty Sacs and Foxes in one fight. While the Winnebagoes betrayed, captured, and delivered Black-Hawk to the whites, these Sioux did so with Neopope.\* The Sacs and Foxes lost also their prophet, White-Cloud—*Wabokieshiek*—and eleven other chiefs, either betrayed or captured, and must submit to a 'treaty,' with 'annuities'—you understand—of twenty thousand dollars each for thirty years, with 'promises'—you know—of several additional provisions, according to which 'treaty' the Sacs and Foxes lost six millions of acres of their best land, abounding in lead-ore and others, which were thus acquired by the whites.

"In consequence of these bloody and wicked acts, performed by a number of Sioux, the hatred of the Sacs and Foxes fell upon all the Sioux, and as I *had* the misfortune of being one of the latter, although I was a mere boy of nine years when the former took place, after my grandfather's and my father's deaths, I was doomed to abide for the wickedness of my people, who had compelled me to leave my home for the wilderness.

"I had scarcely come within arrow-shot of the Sac and Fox village, when the war-whoop sounded, and, after a few moments, a crowd of warriors formed a large circle around me. An old Fox chief made a motion of silence to his companions, who immediately obeyed him, and he said with dignity:

"'Sioux, how can you dare approach our village? Your brothers have killed more than a hundred of our brothers; your brothers have taken our chief, Neopope, and delivered him to the pale-faces; they have done like the treacherous Winnebagoes, who took and delivered our great chief, Black-Hawk, to our enemies, their friends. Although we have since buried the bloody tomahawk, and smoked the calumet of peace with our pale-faced enemies, we have not done so with our red ones, the Sioux, who are all traitors like the false Winnebagoes: therefore, Sioux, you shall die, in sacrifice to the Great Spirit, who sends you among us. I have spoken.'

"'That is right, wise and brave warrior,' answered I, with a calm resignation; knowing that another reply to contradict him would have instantly caused my death. 'If you say so, I must die; but I know that the Sacs and Foxes are great warriors, and no cowards; I know that they are right in killing their enemies; I know that

\* This took place, according to history, in August, 1832.

every traitor ought to be killed like a rattle-snake; I know that the Winnebagoes and the Sioux have been traitors to you, and that they are worse than the rattle-snakes. Now, listen to me. I am no more a Sioux: my people have acted worse to me than they ever did to you, and I have left them, never to join them again. Adopt me as your brother. Give me an opportunity of proving to you my faithfulness. I have spoken.'

"Our common council can alone decide upon your fate,' replied the old chief. 'I will neither warrant for your veracity, because you are still a Sioux by appearance; nor will I doubt of it, because you look honest. In the mean while, till the decision of our common council, you are a prisoner among us, and must submit to the usual treatment of such.'

"I was pinioned, and led through the village like a culprit, surrounded by a body of warriors, and followed by a crowd of women and children, hooting after me, 'Sioux! Traitor! Kill him!' and throwing stones at me. In that hour of undeserved humiliation, I thought of your great prophet, Jesus Christ, whose sufferings I had learnt when I was a boy, from an old Huron, who lived and died in our village, to whom they had been related, in his childhood, by a pious Moravian Missionary, of Bethlehem, in Pennsylvania.

"My prison was a large, miserable, decaying lodge, palisaded, and continually watched by three warriors, who never answered to my frequent inquiries for the decision of my fate. How can I give you an idea of my agony, when I thought of my dear wife and child? What would become of them, if I could not return before the snow fell? and winter was coming nearer every day, while I had no other prospect of a rescue from my prison but a prisoner's death; for, if my jailers would not kill me, why did they keep me so long in excruciating suspense, which was much worse than death itself?

"My pinions, the high palisades around my prison, and my constant three watchers, reminded me at every moment of the impossibility of escape, and a fit of madness came over me, when I saw and felt the first fall of snow. I groaned with despair; and my silent watchers exchanged significant looks with each other, as if they understood my fury, which they ascribed to a mere feeling of revenge at my long captivity; they showed me their tomahawks, as if these were the only means to stop my groans, and to check my fury. A hundred times, I had repeatedly told my story, but without any success; for none of my watchers had once returned, so that I supposed, at length, all the Sacs and Foxes would come successively for watching me till my death, after the last one of them should have had his turn, to see and watch a captive, suffering Sioux, doomed to die as a victim of their vengeance.

"Winter passed and spring came, while no change took place in my terrible situation: my despair had already become permanent, and would have turned to indifference, if it had not been kept up by every thought of my poor Dora, and our dear child.

"Six full moons had now filled the cup of my sufferings to the brim. I had a thousand times invoked, all in vain, the Great Spirit







"COUNCIL DANCE" OF "SAC" AND "FOX" INDIANS.

for my rescue; the scanty food which I received, had reduced my strength to that of a child, when once in the evening the old chief came into my prison and said: 'Sioux, to-morrow you shall appear before our people.' Without waiting for my answer, he left me again to my despair, as I could not guess whether or not my death was to be the topic of his people's conversation or amusement on the next day.

"Early in the morning the old chief appeared again, caused my pinions to be taken off, and bade me follow him, while my three watchers took me into their midst and formed a moving triangle around me, as we went along between a row of warriors, behind whom I perceived a crowd of men, women and children. This time they did neither hoot nor throw stones at me, but seemed concerned at my miserable appearance, as I looked like a skeleton and could hardly walk.

"A wide semi-circle of warriors was opened at our approach, and closed after we had entered. The old chief took a seat in the middle of the bow, between other chiefs, and showed me a seat among theirs, which was placed so that all the chiefs could see my face, when I sat upon it. A deep silence prevailed for a few moments, but soon two men on the left wing of the semicircle began to beat upon a pair of drums, to the time of which those who formed the straight line of the semicircle commenced a council-dance.

"I therefore thought that I was not doomed to death, although nothing else gave me the least idea of what I had to expect, for none of the features around me showed any feeling of good or evil, and I knew how to exhibit the same indifference, which is natural with every Indian, particularly in difficult situations.

"The council-dance lasted about one hour, during which I was attentively observed by some hundred eyes, while only the sounds of the drums interrupted the deep silence which prevailed and proved the solemnity of the council-dance. At its conclusion, the old chief said, 'Sioux!' I rose and turned about, and he continued—

"'Sioux! Listen to me! The Sacs and Foxes are no cowards! None of us thirsts after your blood, because you have behaved like a man and not spoken a bad word against us during your long captivity; for if you had, we would have killed you in sacrifice to the Great Spirit, by whom you were led among us. You have well overcome your hard trial. Now you are free, to leave us or to join us. If you think we have wronged you, ask for any satisfaction, and you shall be satisfied. Will you fight? Challenge any of us, myself not excepted. Will you marry? Choose any one of our daughters, and you shall have her. Tell us what you want, and if we can we will grant it to you now. I have spoken.'

"'Oh, fathers and brothers,' cried I, in a phrensy of despair and impatience, 'give me my arms and my horse! Let me return to my poor wife and child whom I have left alone, far from here, in yonder wilderness! I came hither as your friend and would have become your brother, but you have treated me as a foe and a traitor; you have kept me in prison so long that my poor wife and child must have

perished in the mean time during the winter. Let me return to my wife and child, that I may also die near their corpses ! ’

“ My lamentations produced those of all the squaws who could hear me, while the warriors, old and young, expressed their friendly sympathy by groans of pity, in which the old chief himself joined. By his order, my arms and horse were immediately brought. The latter was well fed, much better than myself. Every kind of provisions, skins and blankets appeared in a few minutes, and about a dozen well-mounted warriors declared voluntarily to accompany me to my retreat in the wilderness and back to their village, if I would afterwards return with them.

“ After taking a friendly leave of all those around me, who stayed there, I started with my companions for the north. Seven times had the moon changed its light since my separation from my beloved wife and child ! On the evening of the 25th day after our departure, I knew, by the appearance of the mountains in the east, that we were within one day’s ride from my dear ones. I prevailed upon my friendly companions to allow themselves a good night’s rest—gave them the necessary information to follow and to find me again on the next day, and started for the last time with my faithful runner.

“ I rode on for the whole night without interruption, and with day-light I approached our cave in the rock. I saw nowhere around it any trace of a human being ! Breathless I stood before the entrance to the cavern, while I could distinctly hear my heart beat, listening and looking for some signs of life, but I heard and saw nothing.

“ ‘ Diora,’ whispered I with a fainting voice ; no answer. ‘ My dear wife, Diora ! ’ said I a little louder, after taking some breath, not yet able to step forward ; still no answer. ‘ Diora ! ’ cried I at length with despair. Listening again for some reply, when I heard in a faint whisper, ‘ Waanataa ! ’ In the same instant I stood near my poor Diora.

“ Oh ! never, never shall I think without a shudder of the dreadful sight which my beloved wife and our dear child presented to my eyes ! They were both lying on our couch of moss, both emaciated like skeletons, both stained with blood, which led me to the conclusion that they had been wounded ; but, with horror, I soon discovered my mistake, when I saw the drained breast of the unhappy mother and her suckling baby with his little mouth upon her left arm, of which she had opened the artery to let him drink her life’s blood, thinking that his life might be preserved from starvation, as long as possible, after the latter should have destroyed her own, which was now already nearly extinct.

“ When Diora cast again for the first time her sunken eyes at me, her lovely features brightened with a smile, and she whispered, ‘ My dear Waanataa,’ but I shut her mouth with a kiss, and said, ‘ My dear Diora ! Let me first give you a drink, and then prepare something to eat. I fetched some water in a leather cup from our little spring, poured it over a hand-full of corn-meal, stirred it up with half as much maple sugar, and presented the potion to my poor Di-

ora, who, with the natural, self-denying love of a tender mother, gave her starving baby first to drink, before she thought of doing so herself, while I knelt and wept by their side, unable to speak.

My best endeavours were all in vain; I could not save the lives of my dear ones! At sun-set the sun and the star of my life were extinguished by the Great Spirit. While my poor Diora embraced with her left hand our dying baby, she drew slowly her right hand from mine, and raising it with all her last strength, pointing up with her finger to the Great Spirit, she once more smiled and sighed, 'Waanataa!'

"When my companions, after continuing their journey in the moon-shine, reached about mid-night my cave, now a vault of death, they found me sitting and weeping besides the corpses of my Diora and our Diaro!"

"My new friends had the manly delicacy not to interfere with my mourning; they left me alone in my grief all the night, observing an awful silence while they lay encamped in the vicinity. Contrary to the custom of the Sioux, who generally wrap a corpse in a blanket or a skin, and put it on the tops of four trees, where it decays in the open air, I buried the corpses of my dear ones in our cave, which thus became a real vault of death; and in the extreme of my grief, that nothing of any value should remain with me, after the loss of all that was dear to me, I killed my faithful runner by a shot of my rifle, and buried him too in the vault of death. My companions made a war-like funeral salute, by a three times' discharge of their rifles in honour and in memory of the deceased. I thanked them with all my heart for their kindness, and bade farewell, refusing once for all to return with them to their village, notwithstanding their friendly entreaties, which I answered by repeating my request, to let me alone in my mourning.

"After one change of the moon, the Great Spirit gave me again the necessary strength to revive, and to think of doing something, or to go somewhere. The idea of returning to my people filled me with disgust. I would have refused, if they and all the other Indians had unaniously elected me for their highest Great Chief.

"As poor as a Cheyenne, but too proud for begging, I went down along the Missouri, living upon what game I could shoot with my rifle, till I reached St. Louis, where a noble-minded white merchant, to whom I related my misfortunes, procured me a free passage on board a steamboat down the Mississippi to New Orleans, where I would embark for Vera Cruz, to take service in the United States' Army, during their war with Mexico. But my patron at St. Louis had recommended me to a friend of his in New Orleans, a French banker, whose good advice prevailed upon me not to become a soldier, or 'a privileged homicide,' as he said—while his kindness provided me with the means of a decent living. For which he desired me sometimes to relate my adventures to him and his family or friends. At length he recommended me to you, my brothers!

"But now let me entreat you, my friends, never to mention, if you can help it, the names of Diora and Diaro in my presence. This is

the only favour I ask you, for having related my misfortunes to you."

We all shook hands with the noble Indian, our brother, in gratitude and sympathy for him, promising to comply with his last wish. It was now midnight, and every one of us retired to his couch upon the ground.

Early on the morning of Monday, our caravan moved on towards Fort Laramie, along the great Oregon route, on the south-side of the Platte or Nebraska river, which we expected soon to reach, according to our maps. The weather was as fine as we might wish it for an Indian summer.

On the next Saturday, about noon, while we were dining, one of our scouts—*Roger*—cried, suddenly, pointing to the North, "There are Indians!" In a few moments, we were all mounted, ready to fight, while *Ned* held and led our animals, fastened to each other by the common halter, and escorted by Gaston, Bertie and Gilot, their safeguards during the eventful fight. *Waanataa* looked out for a moment and said, "They are Sioux, but none of my acquaintances; stay here, and be silent! I will ride thither and tell them that we are their friends." He talked with them for about a quarter of an hour, whereupon he returned in their company. They did not show the least mistrust, but looked quite unembarrassed when he presented them to us. He said, they invited us to visit their neighbouring village, as he had warranted for our peaceful and friendly sentiments towards all the Sioux. Their dress was somewhat different from, and inferior to, that of *Waanataa*. After some consultation, we accepted their invitation, and followed them, who rode ahead with *Waanataa*.

After two hours' riding, we reached a pretty large village, which was quite a novelty for us, in this wilderness. About one hundred lodges were standing, upon a vast plain, almost equally distant from each other, but rather irregularly ranged. In the middle of the place we saw a lodge better in appearance and larger than the others, and *Waanataa* told us that it belonged to the chief. We encamped at a little distance from the village, while *Waanataa* and his two companions rode straight into it. Soon after, he returned with the chief, a venerable old warrior, who took Carrel by his hand, with a serious friendliness, and made a short speech to us, which *Waanataa*, now our interpreter, translated thus:

"My father,\* and my brethren! listen to me! *Keewagoushkum*, the chief of this village, bids you welcome. He is told by your Sioux brother, *Waanataa*, that you are friends to the Sioux, and will not harm any of them; that you have come hither to shake hands with us, and to smoke the calumet with us; therefore, none of my people shall harm any of you, for the Sioux are friends to the white people. If you want something of what belongs to us, speak! and you shall have it! We are your friends. I have spoken!"

\* This epithet—"Father,"—seemed rather funny to us, and we were all obliged to smile a little, as the old man could, by his age have been himself the father of Carrel or any other of us; but *Waanataa* told us that the name "father" is given by the Indians to every man whom they will honour.

Carrel replied:

"Keewagoushkum, our father, is a wise chief, and a great warrior. We are glad to take his hand, and to smoke the calumet with him, among his people. We wish him to accept from his white friends a blanket, a knife and a pound of tobacco, for his calumet; but, in return, we wish to make some trade with his red children.

The old man received our presents with becoming dignity and evident pleasure, whereupon he ordered his people to bring forward whatever they had to spare, and to sell;—provisions, horses, dogs, &c., for which we gave the adequate value in Mackinaw blankets, pieces of red cloth, pinches of vermilion, &c. But we made the best acquisition in purchasing three lodges of buffalo skins, for which we paid three fine rifles, three pounds of balls, and three pounds of powder. These transactions took us three days, during which we became quite familiar with our red brethren and sisters.

With one of the latter, our brother Gaston fell in love, in consequence of which, we all, as well in fun as in earnest, anticipated some interesting romance. She was, indeed, a beautiful girl, by the name of Ahibah, and if she had been dressed like a white "lady," every man, young or old, would have declared her to be a "belle." Gaston was so much taken by her charms, that he freely resolved upon marrying her,—either in the Sioux manner, by a regular purchase, or in the French manner, by a regular wedding.

Ahibah was not in the least contrary to Gaston's wishes, but she belonged still to her father, who considered her as a good piece of merchandise, with which he would not part for a small price.

When Gaston seriously declared that he would rather stay among the Sioux than leave Ahibah behind, Carrel took the responsibility for him, who was his favourite, to offer, through the medium of Waanataa, our constant interpreter,—a fine rifle, two pounds of balls, and one pound of powder to Ahibah's father, for his daughter. The offer was too tempting: he could not refuse to accept it. But, taking advantage of the passionate lover's anxiety, the old fellow asked the addition of a new Mackinaw blanket, and—of Gaston's tobacco pipe! with which he, Ahibah's father, fell in love, probably because it was silver-mounted. Gaston did not hesitate one moment to sacrifice his silver-mounted tobacco pipe to his love, and generously added a pound of tobacco into the bargain! These merry marriage negotiations produced a great deal of amusement and laughter among our company, particularly on account of the old Indian's earnestness, in managing and bringing them to a close, while innocent Ahibah was full of pride, because Gaston liked her better than his silver-mounted tobacco pipe!

The good bargain which Ahibah's father had struck with Gaston in selling his daughter to her lover, made quite a sensation among all the fathers, who had marriageable daughters, in the Sioux village. The consequence was, that soon a great number of Sioux fathers and daughters made their appearance among us, to our greatest amazement and amusement.

Among the young squaws, exhibited in this match-market, there was



one whose person claimed the attention of every man sensible to female charms, although hers were of a peculiar character. She was by far not as handsome as Ahibah, but her features were lively, and bore the marks of a keen intelligence, which is often more attractive than mere beauty, at least for a man of good sense. She was Ahibah's particular friend, by the name of Yonka, and her father told Waanataa that he would not have thought of bringing her along without her positive declaration to accompany her friend Ahibah, for whom she had a sisterly attachment. Waanataa related to Yonka's father his misfortunes, and how he had become a widower, adding,

"The love of my life is buried in the vault of death, or else I should give you all I possess in exchange for Yonka, if she would go with me as my squaw; but if you will let her go with us to accompany Ahibah, I promise to you, upon my honour as a Sioux chief, to be her brother and protector, till her marriage or death."

In the mean time, Yonka's father had been surrounded by the other Sioux fathers and daughters, to whom he communicated every thing of the last transaction; and their lively discussions of the matter showed the great interest they took in it; for, while the fathers were seriously engaged in conversation around him, their daughters formed around Ahibah and Yonka a dense crowd of chattering squaws, not unlike a flock of chattering geese.

Then it was resolved upon, that Yonka should always be protected and respected, by all and every one, as the "*Sister of the Phalanx*," like the romantic and musical "*Daughter of the Regiment*." "That is right," said our good Waanataa: "I see that all my brothers are gentlemen." He was appointed to fetch Yonka's father, who immediately appeared, followed by the whole crowd of fathers and daughters, looking and listening, whereupon Waanataa, according to our instruction and in our names, made to him the following speech:

"Father, we are so much pleased with your confidence in giving us your daughter, that we wish you to accept these presents as marks of our esteem and friendship. We all promise to you, that we will ever treat her well and protect her as our sister, that she may never repent of having left you and her native place. We are your friends."

The old man replied:

"My friends, I thank you for what you have done and said to me—you are as good as you are wise and generous. I am glad that you will always protect and respect my Yonka as your sister, for she is good and has never excited her father's anger, who is more proud of her than he would be of three scalps. I am your friend."

Carrel's proposition to celebrate, as well as possible, Gaston's wedding with Ahibah, was unanimously agreed to and executed on the following day. Provisions of every kind were brought in abundance to our camp, where we partook of an ample repast, looked on by a large number of Sioux warriors and other men, women and children. Yonka was, of course, Ahibah's brides-maid, while Carrel himself claimed the honour of being Gaston's groom's-man, or 'Garcon-d'Honneur,' although we had no priest and no altar, instead of which we formed with all our rifles put upon each other, a trian-



gular table, overhung with a new Mackinaw blanket, around which Gaston, Ahibah, Waanataa, Yonka, her father and Carrel sat down, while the others helped themselves as well as they could without any tables. After dinner, Arland, Urban and Maxle, gave in honour of the young couple a concert, of which Maxle enhanced the value by 'yodling' better than he ever did, whereby he became the favourite of all the young Sioux squaws present, while their fathers' admiration was more for Arland's guitar, and Urban's clarionet, in particular the latter, as being the loudest of the two instruments. After they had played some lively pieces, they made a pause to rest a little; in the mean time a consultation took place between the male Indians, who talked violently together for awhile; whereupon two of them went among the squaws and picked out two of the youngest and finest, whom they led before the musicians, while they spoke to Waanataa, who smiled, and said to Arland and Urban: "These men offer to you their two daughters, in exchange for your musical instruments."

Our whole company burst out in a general and violent roar of laughter, which lasted for some minutes, while the two old and new lovers of music, to which they would sacrifice their daughters, stood there in expectation, as serious as if they would begin a war-dance. The two innocent victims of music, harmless or thoughtless, nodded and smiled significantly to Ahibah and Yonka, casting at the same time alternately some lively and friendly glances at Arland and Urban, who could scarcely hold their instruments for laughing, when Waanataa asked them:

"What shall I answer for you, brothers?"

Carrel was the first who recovered, and could say, "Brothers, do strike the bargain! it's a capital joke. I will save your instruments at all events." But Johns added, "Arland, I guess you'd better loosen a little the strings of your guitar, that they do not sound." And Arland did so accordingly, with a few turns of his fingers unobserved by the Indians. "Urban," continued Johns, "take the reed out from the mouth-piece of your clarionet;" but Urban replied, "Never mind the reed, for I am sure that even with the reed in it none of these red fellows can produce more than a goose-cry."

"Well! go on," cried Arland and Urban at once, giving their instruments to the delighted Sioux, who immediately tried to handle and use them, in imitation of what they had seen done before, while the merry young musicians took unhesitatingly each one of the smiling Indian beauties, who gave themselves up without any resistance to their supposed intended husbands, allowing themselves to be embraced and kissed by them to mutual satisfaction.

In the mean time the new owners of the musical instruments were struck with amazement, and greatly disappointed; for, while one attempted in vain with puffed cheeks to blow musically the clarionet, which made only two or three shrill and broken sounds similar to the cries of a goose, the other moved his fingers over the strings of the guitar with no audible success at all. They were puzzled, looked at each other, and spoke a few words together, whereupon they ex-

changed the instruments, and once more tried their supposed musical skill, but again without any better effect. All the company, except Waanataa and the four Indian 'Belles,' laboured under a general fit of laughter, observing the lamentable figures of the two unhappy and disappointed fathers, who now saw their commercial-musical speculation turn to nothing, after they had given up their lovely goods to the purchasers.

At length Carrel, apprehending some disagreeable consequences from the fathers' despair, and perhaps revenge, asked Arland and Urban, in good earnest, whether they would keep and take along the young squaws as their wives? for, if they would keep, he proposed to the company another sacrifice of two more Mackinaw blankets in behalf of their wishes, which was granted accordingly; whereupon the two musicians declared their resolutions in the affirmative, and at the same time promised to compensate in a future time to the company the value of whatever should be added to the blankets, if necessary or thought proper, in justice to the satisfaction of their brides' fathers.

"We cannot spare any more rifles," said Carrel, "nor any more powder and lead, but I think we may double the value in giving two blankets for either Mrs. Arland and Mrs. Urban, as Madame Gaston has alone cost much more than the value of six blankets.

The disappointed fathers and would-be musicians were standing in the mean time discussing together, casting now and then their anxious looks at the living and at the wooden objects of their discussion, when Waanataa acquainted them with what the company had resolved on their account, whereupon their hitherto sad and serious countenances brightened up, like those of two thirsty drunkards at the appearance of a bottle filled with their favourite liquor. They went directly to Carrel, who gave them the four blankets without ceremony and to their evident satisfaction, which they expressed by their uninterrupted smiles in receiving these goods, and in shaking hands, not only with Carrel and Waanataa, but also with Arland and Urban, whose young wives they did not consider now any longer as their own daughters.

"But, my friends," said Carrel to the company, "it's the highest time for us to leave this Sioux village, or else all its marriageable young squaws will become agreeable members of our company;—therefore, let—what are the Indian names of Mrs. Arland and Mrs. Urban?—let them be the last ones who join us."

"Their Indian names," replied Waanataa, "are too hard and too long for you—Leachistanana and Otakawandah."

"Well, may we not abbreviate them? What do you say, Arland and Urban? How would you be pleased with Lea and Ota?" inquired Carrel. Arland and Urban replied that they had no objections to these abbreviations, if their wives themselves had none. Waanataa asked the latter for their opinions, whereupon Leachistanana and Otakawandah declared themselves to be satisfied with the names of Lea and Ota.

We were interrupted by the appearance of the old chief, Keewa-

goushkum, who came to inform us, in his own person, of the death of his son and intended successor, Moamatonee, inviting us at the same time to attend his funeral. Waanataa answered for us in the proper manner, usual on such an occasion, and told us the funeral should take place on the following day. Our curiosity was not a little excited to witness the funeral of Moamatonee; but as he had not yet been a real commanding chief, we were rather disappointed in our expectation of a great solemnity; for this funeral was a very modest and simple ceremony, without the least pomp; however, its novelty for us made it interesting enough, to be recorded here.

The corpse was brought to its resting-place without a coffin, only wrapped up in buffalo-skins, on a single hand-barrow or hearse, borne by four warriors and followed by old Keewagoushkum with Moamatonee's widow, her two children and two dogs. It almost seemed to us that the deceased had not been very popular among his people, as only very few of them attended his funeral, and this was perhaps the reason that Keewagoushkum retired immediately after the arrival of the little procession on the funeral ground, a place with four trees, to the tops of which the four bearers of the corpse climbed up, where they fastened the latter, with its skins around it. There it was to decay in the open air.

Our brother artist, Manuel, made a sketch at the funeral, while the corpse was put upon the tops of the four trees, and during the speech he added to the figures of those who attended, (with the exception of ourselves,) and illustrated our journal with that fine drawing.

On the next day, early in the morning, we took a friendly leave of Keewagoushkum and his people, who crowded our camp and followed us, many of them, for some miles; but Yonka's good father accompanied us all the day, and stayed with us till the next morning, when he bade us and his daughter a last farewell.

We had purchased in the Sioux village six Indian ponies, besides the two given by Yonka's father: she used one for riding, and the other for carrying her baggage; three other ponies were mounted by Ahibah, Lea and Ota, while the three others carried their baggage. The five remaining oxen were, like the mules, constantly kept in good spirits by our Indian dogs, of which we had also purchased six.

Thus our caravan proceeded for several days, without any adventures, except such as generally occur to travellers in the wilderness, one of which, however, is worth recording.

We were on a Friday at noon resting and dining in a large ravine, which we had chosen for being a little protected from the cold wind, that was blowing, while our animals were allowed to pasture above and around us at pleasure, watched by Ned and the dogs, the newly-married couples merrily basking in the honey-moon, played and jested with each other; while our lovely "Daughter of the Phalanx" was engaged in serious conversation with Waanataa; when Maxle, taking a lonely walk at a little distance around our camp, suddenly startled us all with a plaintive yell, quite different from his usual 'yodle,' when singing. Waanataa ran instantly toward him.

and was the first by his side, followed by the four squaws, as their Indian swiftness gave them great advantage over our comparative slowness, for when we arrived on the spot, Waanataa had already killed and cut to pieces with his tomahawk a big rattlesnake, which had bitten the right foot of poor Maxle. We saw at the same time the squaws running about, and stooping now and then, but Yonka soon returned alone with a handful of green leaves, and then she ran to the water-bucket, whither she was immediately followed by Ahibah, Lea and Ota, who brought altogether only as many leaves as Yonka had brought alone; then she tore all the leaves to pieces and threw them into the empty bucket, with which she ran to the spring near by, and filled it half with fresh water; whereupon she ran with the bucket and its contents to Maxle and Waanataa, around whom we were standing as anxious spectators. Maxle sat upon the ground and looked somewhat uneasy, while Waanataa was quietly engaged in applying upon the rattle-snake's bite the inner parts of the sliced pieces of its body. The first slice was taken from the wound after a few minutes, and had turned black from the effect of the venom; then Waanataa applied a second and a third slice upon the wound, and so on, till all the slices were thus used up, and the last one looked only a little black, which proved that all the venom was extracted from the wound, when Waanataa declared Maxle out of danger; but Yonka anxiously insisted that Maxle should still put his wounded foot into the fresh water, which had been saturated with the substance of the torn leaves, gathered by her and the other squaws; for, as quick as they had seen him bitten, they had run and looked about for these leaves, to save him from dying of the rattle-snake's bite, while Waanataa killed it and cut it to pieces for the same purpose. He told us that either of these remedies was sufficient to counteract the fatal effect of the deadly venom, and that the green leaf, whose virtues thus communicated to the fresh water made it a saving-bath for every person bitten by a rattle-snake, was generally and properly called the "rattle-snake's master"—a novelty for us all.

Every one perceived that Yonka's good-natured anxiety for Maxle had made worse another wound, of which he was suffering since he had seen her for the first time. This induced Johns to observe with his usual shrewdness, "I guess, brother Maxle, you would rather have Yonka to heal your heart's wound, which ails you more than the rattle-snake's bite, I calculate. Well, you must conquer the red girl's love by 'yodling,' which she understands as well as any body else, I presume." Maxle blushed, and we laughed, while Yonka expressed her admiration for Waanataa's heroism, by fastening the rattle-snake's head to his other trophy, the mouth-end of a wolf's skin, which he wore around his shoulder. He smiled at her doing so, and said something, which none of us understood, and to Gaston's inquiry he answered by shaking his head in earnest silence. None of us durst joke with him about such matters, on account of his misfortunes with Diora, which had inspired us with a delicate respect for his feelings.

The weather was exceedingly fine, and the air generally very

clear, but the nights were rather cool and damp from the falling dew, which however bestowed upon us a valuable advantage, in consequence of Waanataa's advice. As we were sometimes without good water for drinking, we spread out at night our buffalo-ropes—purchased in the Sioux village—and they contained regularly every morning about one pint of fresh water each, a relish of great value in the absence of spring-water, although its taste was a little stale, like that of rain-water.

Our five remaining oxen were successively killed and eaten up, before we reached the Platte or Nebraska river, although we got some additional supplies in occasionally shooting game that happened to come within our reach while we travelled along.

On the morning of the last day of November, while we ate our breakfast, our scouts descried "Indians!" These we saw at a great distance on a hill, and through our telescope we counted their number to be some dozens, of the Mandan tribe, as which Waanataa immediately recognised them. He observed by their motions that they had discovered us already, and scarcely had he told us so when a cloud of smoke rose up from the hill, where they had made a large fire, to inform their distant friends of our approach, as that of enemies. They correspond with each other telegraphically in this manner, as they had not yet any means of distant communication.

"Friends, be not uneasy," said Waanataa. "They are not mounted, and are only Mandans, whose tribe has been visited, some years ago, by a dreadful scourge, the small-pox, and reduced from sixteen hundred souls to so small a number, that these two or three dozens are perhaps the last remaining of all. They have joined the Riccarees, who roam about in these regions, between the Missouri and the Black Mountains there in the north-west. Prepare for a fight, although I am sure we shall have no fight with them, as they must see by the presence of our squaws that we do not come to attack them; but they will probably levy a tax upon us for passing through this country, which does not even belong to them, properly, as it is that of the Riccarees. You will merely have a good opportunity of seeing a Mandan war-dance, without any danger. Let them dance to their heart's content. Then I will speak to them, while you may, apparently, prepare for a fight, whereupon you shall see how glad they are if you will let them go in peace, or give them some presents."

During this communication of Waanataa, our Indian beauties were standing around, and looking through the telescope, which Carrel and Gaston had arranged for them, to satisfy their natural curiosity. Every one was startled when she looked through it and perceived the fierce Mandans quite near,—a wonder they could not comprehend. In the mean time, we prepared to meet the Mandans in due warlike array, without interrupting our march for longer than a quarter of an hour—necessary to secure our ladies and our animals from danger, as much as possible. We proceeded towards the Mandans for about another hour, during which they also moved on towards us, when Waanataa bade us halt, and rode forward alone to meet them. He

talked about ten minutes, and then returned with an answer which confirmed what he had said before. When they were come near enough to see every one of us ready to fight, and even our squaws armed with pistols, they stopped, and immediately began a ferocious war-dance, which they accompanied with the hideous war-whoop, that made our marrow bones shake, but without frightening us; in consequence of Waanataa's persuasion of this being only a mockery.

We sat ready on our mules, with our fingers on the triggers of our double-barrelled rifles, and upon Carrel's word "Fire!" all these fierce and savage dancers would perhaps have rolled in the dust, from which their heavy treads had kicked up a gray cloud, that should have been outdone by a denser cloud of gunpowder smoke from our fire-arms. After their dance, they stared at us, quite amazed and puzzled at our cool indifference—which was indeed so relying upon Waanataa's word, that Manuel had even dismounted and made a sketch of the war-dance while it was going on, with the drawing of which he favoured our journal. Whereupon Waanataa, according to Carrel's instructions, made the following speech:

"Mandans! you are great fools! You think that my white brothers fear you because you dance before them and let your war-whoop sound into their ears. You are mistaken. They know that you are poor wretches, and the last ones of your tribe, protected only by the Riccarees. If my white brothers will, they can shoot you all down at once, like mad dogs! Therefore, beware! Do not excite their anger! Look at them! If you behave peaceably, they are your friends; for they have come with peaceful intentions, only to go through the Indian country beyond the mountains, where they will join their white brothers. But you see they are ready to fight, as brave men and warriors of their great Father, who has more warriors than all the Indians together;—and he can avenge any wrong done to his children, if any of you, or other fools dare to attack them. Mind what I say! Now go and tell that to your friends, the Riccarees! If they will peaceably trade with their white friends, they may have blankets and other such goods, but no arms, in exchange for victuals and animals' feed. I have spoken!"

Waanataa's natural eloquence had the desired effect, and these ferocious war-dancers grew suddenly as tame as beaten dogs. They threw away their arms, and slowly approached our company, among whom they appeared as humble beggars. We gave them some trifles which we could spare, for nothing, and bade them go ahead and inform the Riccarees of our good intentions in passing through their territory. But we never saw any of the latter Indians, who had probably been frightened by the report of the Mandans on our account, and retired out of our way; for we found only the traces of a pretty large village, some days after our meeting with the Mandans.

About the middle of December, we reached, at length, the Nebraska or Platte river, along whose southern shore we would travel towards Fort Laramie. According to the map, we were now just in the latitude of New York.

Now we continued our march upwards, along the southern shore



of the Platte River, whose dirty-yellow water was not very agreeable for drinking, although good enough for cooking and washing, which business was done by our excellent squaws, to our great comfort. Gaston's fancy or idea, to fall in love with Ahibah, and the example he set to his imitators, Arland and Urban, in getting married, was now, even better than at first, approved; although from rather selfish motives on our part. But we were also pleased with the company of the young ladies on account of their manifold intellectual charms, and the natural common sense which they occasionally exhibited, in judging of things they had never known before.

Adam had, a long time ago, laboured under the desire to hear an Indian mother's mourning song, at the death or the corpse of her baby, which song, he had been told, was quite peculiar and interesting for Europeans and their descendants. He took this opportunity to let Waanataa request the squaws to favour us with such a song, but Ahibah, Lea and Ota positively refused to comply with the request, giving, quite naturally and freely, as a prevalent motive for their refusal, that any newly married wife, or even any young and yet single squaw would become, in advance, her own infanticide by singing such a mourning song. "Well," said Maxle, with a shrewdness which was quite unnatural in him, and certainly inconsistent with the feelings of his heart, "As Yonka will never marry any man, let her comply with Adam's request; there can be no harm for her in doing so."

Waanataa interpreted, with a passive indifference, every word to Yonka, who could not help casting a look of displeasure at Maxle; whereupon the other squaws exchanged some lively words with each other, and then they spoke all together, at the same time, to her, evidently for the purpose of persuading her not to comply with Adam's request, and Maxle's pretension, these names being mentioned several times in their discussion, which Waanataa would not interpret to us. But he said a few words to Yonka, who listened to him with a serious countenance and downcast eyes, that grew dim with tears of disappointed love. While we were all sitting around in a painful silence, for some minutes, she seemed to struggle, but at length to agree with herself again, although she was unable to check her tears, that gave a peculiar charm to the song, which she sang in broken sentences, immediately translated by Waanataa.

"Great Spirit! listen to my plaintive cry!—I mourn and weep for my baby.—Look! how many tears drop from my eyes!—I am a poor mother, with a broken heart!—For thou hast taken my darling away from my motherly breast!—My baby's life began through the tender breath of him who loves me!—The cry of our darling was for me sweeter than the gay voice of a meadow-lark in the spring! Nature is now for me a valley of death all around!"

Yonka sang the last sentence particularly with a tremulous voice, that moved all our hearts, and filled them with a friendly sympathy for her own grief, and Waanataa looked more serious than ever, probably thinking of Diora and Diaro, whose memory was to him a double cause of grief. Every one of us, perhaps Maxle excepted,

seemed to inquire, "Why does not Waanataa love and marry Yonka?"—But none of us durst utter this question aloud, even in Waanataa's absence, fearing to meddle in any way with that matter.

Waanataa stood in silence for a few minutes, as if listening to some unexpected noise or sound. At length he said, in English, not understood by the squaws, "Brothers! we shall soon have a thunder-storm." The squaws rose almost simultaneously, and at once pointed to the south-west, saying some words to him, who nodded affirmatively, and continued speaking to us. "They also hear and see the thunder-storm coming from yonder mountains. Let us prepare and pitch our lodges in time!" None of us could hear or see any thing like the foreboding of a thunder-storm, or the latter itself, nor even of a mere rain, as the sun shone brightly, and the sky was cloudless, at least for our eyes, although not for those of our Indian brother and sisters. We only felt a fresh breeze blowing from the mountains in the south-west, and we would scarcely believe what Waanataa foretold us, and in consequence of which our squaws made haste in pitching our lodges, while he told Ned to secure our animals, as fast as possible.

After some minutes, during which we communicated to each other our doubts of Waanataa's and the squaws' correctness in weather-prophecy, for this time, at least, we heard already a slight roar of distant thunder, and saw a curtain of dense clouds, like black smoke, rise from beyond the mountains; while the wind grew stronger and our animals more uneasy, at every moment. We had no time to discuss now, and were not disposed to rail or to laugh at our present situation. But Waanataa inspired us all with good humour, by his unexpected remark to Johns: "Brother! now you may soon catch a thunder-bolt, and use it as a playing ball!" Johns looked sulky, and declined answering, although we laughed a little at his expense. It was about noon, but the sky being so heavily covered with dense and black clouds, we were soon surrounded by an almost nightly darkness, and scarcely able to distinguish any object beyond five hundred yards from our camp. If we had now had the misfortune to be attacked by a band of inimical Indians, our chance for a victory would have been very poor. But, happily, there was no such danger for us at present; having sublime nature alone to contend with, or rather, to make a compromise, by creeping under our tents and lodges, which we had safely fastened on the ground. Carrel, Downing and Maxle volunteered to watch our camp during the thunder-storm, while Ned remained faithful with our animals. All the other members of our company took refuge under cover, except Waanataa, who had only seen Yonka safely lodged, and now joined our volunteers, offering to relieve Maxle, who declined, however, to retire. Donalson crept likewise out from under one of the tents, exclaiming, "My mother's only son must not hide himself, like a little chicken, under the wings of a clucking hen. Where's Johns?" The other volunteers pointed at one of the lodges, whither Donalson immediately went, opening it, and crying, "Halloo! brother Johns! Come out and catch thunder-bolts! They'll soon be here, and jump about



like grasshoppers." "Oh! let me alone!" replied Johns, "I don't feel well now!" "Ha! ha!" laughed Donalson, unmercifully railing at him, "Johns has already caught the thunder-fever, before the arrival of the thunder-storm, just as many a young recruit catches the cannon-fever before a battle. Poor fellow!"

The merry volunteers' peal of laughter was instantly followed by a tremendous peal of thunder, simultaneous with a terrible flash of lightning, by which our animals were so frightened that they all jumped and danced about, as those Mandan mock-warriors lately did. Carrel, apprehending that the animals might break their halters, and run away, commanded, "All hands out!" In a few moments, all our men, and even the four squaws, were out and ready to act, by Carrel's command.

"Let every one take hold of his mules!" Every thing was done, accordingly. Ned also could, with the assistance of the dogs, manage the other animals. The only real disagreeableness for us in this natural event was, that we were all deluged by a wholesale shower-bath, which followed immediately after the principal clap of thunder. Poor Johns was not a little teased by our many questions about thunder-bolts and thunder-fever, with which Donalson supposed him to be affected; consequently, he kept up the general hilarity by proposing to Johns that he should protect himself with a portable lightning rod, made in imitation of Dr. Franklin's electrical kite, and wound, like a serpent, about Johns, from top to toe.

After the thunder-storm and rain, which lasted for half an hour, with uninterrupted vehemence, we had enough to do until evening, in drying, or rather, in trying to dry, ourselves and our things, as we had no dry fuel to make a fire. Carrel, therefore, judiciously proposed, and we all agreed with him, that every person of the company should drink a small glass of good brandy, which we had taken along with us for such emergencies as the present. Thus fortified and warmed by a dram, which now was a real benefit, every one of us retired to his or her couch, covered by a tent, or a lodge, before night had set in, during which time our scouts were relieved every quarter of an hour. By this arrangement we were all equally kept in good spirits and in good health, which had always been excellent with us in general, since our first start together.

It seemed that the thunder-storm—extraordinary in such a late season—was the precursor of snow and cold weather: for, after that day, snow fell almost continually; and when we reached, on Christmas eve, (Sunday, 24th of December,) the mouth of the south fork of the Platte river, the snow was over one foot deep! Thus we were under the necessity to stop our progress here, at least until we should be able to find a more convenient place in the vicinity. A proper spot was chosen, and cleared of snow by means of our shovels, of which each man of the company had one: and, after two hours' labour, our tents and lodges were pitched.

We soon became impressed with the necessity that our daily task would be, as long as the snow was falling, to clear it away from our camp every morning and every evening, so that we would not be

buried under it, if it should continue to fall as it now did. We therefore all felt happy in finding a place fit for our purpose, on the bank of the South Fork, at the end of a plain, which was protected by palisades. We got rid of all our snow, within the enclosure, by throwing it over the rock bank into the river—which served us, at the same time, as a natural defence on that side; the other one being defended by the palisades. In a corner of our enclosure we built a stable, covered with twigs and skins, for our animals.

A forest which skirted the river, as far as we could see, furnished us timber and fuel enough to build our fort and to make ourselves comfortable during the winter. As a matter of necessity, we hastened to complete our fortifications, which were made of wood and stone or sand, just as it was fit. The palisades were loop-holed, and the entrance was to be shut by a strong wooden door, during the night and an eventual attack. The river gave us plenty of good water, and our provisions were not only judiciously divided, but we also provided ourselves with additional food, by hunting in the neighbourhood. The week between Christmas and new year we spent in building our fort, which we properly called "Phalanx Fort," wherein we celebrated new year's day, 1850, with all the mirth possible in such a wilderness. We agreed upon firing only one gun in celebration of the new year's commencement, in order not to waste much powder.

An important discovery was made on new year's day, by Downing. He found that the Fork river contained a great quantity of small water-plants, growing in and floating on the water. As they proved to be good for our animals, as feed, mixed with the remaining oats we had brought along, we did not apprehend getting short of the latter article for some weeks.

All the members of our Phalanx vied with each other to perform their respective duties. They were divided every day in four parties—one, for staying in the fort, as its garrison, and preparing supper, which was our principal daily meal; the second, for collecting and cutting wood in the neighbouring forest; the third, for collecting water-plants in the river, and feeding our animals; the fourth, for hunting, within some miles around our fort. However, all were bound to return before dark every night, and in case of any one's danger, he was to fire two successive shots with his double-barrelled rifle—a constant companion of every one. The ringing of the alarm bell was to call the members, all and every one, to the fort, in any case of common danger or great urgency. In order to make our common defence as complete as possible, our four squaws were also exercised in fighting and shooting, so that after a short time they had become real Amazons.

Yonka, in particular, distinguished herself by skill and swiftness. She loaded and fired her double-barrelled rifle six times, while Hector, who was the best rifleman of our company, and had been a rifle-maker by trade, in Paris, for many years, could do so with his own five times only; and, in fencing, she was inferior to none but Bertie, who, as a fencing-master, surpassed every other man of our Phalanx.

Although we got every day an addition to the stock of feed for our animals, it became necessary, in consequence of their large consuming number, to increase that stock by a more extensive gathering of the water-plants in the river, and thus to prevent an eventual deficiency of forage, on which our common fate greatly—if not entirely—depended. We therefore resolved upon going and continuing every day to forage in a mass, until we should have a store of fodder for one month in advance, at least, before we would stop foraging.

The weather seemed to favour us in this most necessary enterprise. The frost had subsided, and the snow was melting fast away during the second week of January, when the foraging expedition was resolved upon by the Phalanx. The three married couples and Ned were to remain in the Fort, with eighteen mules and the Indian ponies, except the two of Yonka, as she would absolutely go along with the party,—Waanataa, of course, being one of the latter.

In order not to lose a great deal of time by returning every evening to, and starting anew every morning from, the Fort, the foragers were to make ricks of the water-plants near the banks of the river, and to camp every night together,—twenty-two men and Yonka, with their forty-four mules, her two ponies, and three of the dogs taken along for hunting purposes. They took provisions for one week, during which their animals should live on water-plants, mixed with some oats. After the lapse of one week, the party should either return, or send a messenger to the Fort, taking the way along the river. Not later than one day after that time those remaining in the Fort should despatch Ned to look out for the party or the messenger along the river. When all these precautions were agreed upon, the foraging party left the Fort early in the morning, on Monday, the 15th of January.

At the end of the same day, the company proceeded eleven miles upwards, along the right hand bank of the river, completing fifteen ricks of forage. On the next day they made eighteen miles and fourteen ricks, and so they went on till Thursday noon, when they had proceeded fifty-seven miles, and completed forty-nine ricks.

Waanataa and Yonka had left the party early in the morning, he on his mule, and she on her pony, in opposite directions, to hunt in the neighbouring forest, where they had expected to find and shoot some game for our dinner: and, indeed, before noon Waanataa returned with a fine deer, carried by his second mule, and reported that he had discovered some fresh traces of Indians, but of neither Pawnees, nor any other tribe of his knowledge, which comprised Arapahoes, Kioways and Camanches, besides those with whom we had already met. He therefore supposed these traces to be of Gros-Ventres, whose acquaintance we did not wish to make, if we could not do so as friends.

We felt uneasy on account of Yonka, who had not returned about three o'clock in the afternoon, and we all resolved upon searching for her. Before we started, we tried the expedient to fire two rifle-shots, in quick succession, repeating them at an interval of one minute, four times, whereupon we had the pleasure of hearing the

reports of two shots, and, soon after, two others, quickly succeeding "That's Yonka," cried Hector, "she, and nobody else, can reload a double-barrelled gun in such a short time." After a few minutes, Yonka came trotting on her pony into our midst, greeting us with a lively exclamation, "Dear brothers!"—whereupon we cordially bade her welcome, as our "Dear sister!" She immediately spoke, with some excitement, to Waanataa, who interpreted her report as follows:

"When I lost sight and could hear no more of our party, my attention was engaged by some traces of footsteps on the ground, but I could not recognise them, and rode on, following their track for some hours, intending to return, and sure to find my way back. At last, I came to a lodge, quite otherwise built than ours, in a distance from here of about one day's walk. When I approached, a small dog issued from the lodge, barking and jumping to and fro, when a woman appeared, with a boy, at the door, and called the dog in. I stopped, and cried several times, Dear sister! I love you! but she did not understand me, and shook her head in answer, then, pointing at me, she nodded, and cried 'Amiga! Amiga!'"

Here Waanataa and Yonka were simultaneously interrupted by Martinez and Sylvio, who observed that "Amiga is a Spanish word, meaning a (female) friend," in consequence of which they supposed that woman to be either Spanish or Mexican, but probably the latter. Yonka and Waanataa continued:

"As it appeared to me that she was frightened, and in order to convince her of my peaceable disposition, I raised, with one hand, my rifle, and with the other, my pistol, and fired, successively, their four shots into the air; and, without knowing what the word meant, I nodded, smiling, and repeated 'Amiga!' whereupon she winked, and bade me enter, which I did, unhesitatingly. There was, by the side of the entrance, a stone basin, with a little water and a small brush in it, which she took up, and after sprinkling a few drops upon me, she moved her right fore-finger thus + before me and herself."

"That was 'Agua bendita,' or holy water!" interrupted Martinez, and Sylvio added, "and the 'Benediccion,' or benediction!" Accordingly, they declared that woman to be a Catholic. Yonka and Waanataa resumed:

"She repeated several times, 'Teresa!' pointing at herself, and 'Alejo!' pointing at her little boy, five years old, which she expressed to me by showing one of her hands with stretched fingers. Hence I inferred that Teresa and Alejo were their names, and telling her, repeatedly, my own, while I pointed at myself, I succeeded in bringing her to understand it, when she said, 'Yonka! bien-venida!' taking and shaking my hand."

"That means Welcome," observed Adam, who could not help showing his acquaintance with the Spanish language, and interrupting Waanataa's translation, which continued:

"I kissed little Alejo, whose mother gave me to eat and to drink whatever her kind hospitality seemed able to bestow on me—Indian

cakes and milk of mountain sheep. I ate and drank with pleasure, while she conversed with me by signs and gestures, which gave me the idea that she had a husband, absent, on a journey in the southwest, whither she pointed, saying, 'Pueblo!' and repeating several times, 'Don Valerio Mendoza!'"

"Nombre de Dios!" (Name of God!) cried Sylvio, in delight, "Valerio is a very good friend of mine, with whom I lived at Pueblo six years ago, when he married his 'cara' (dear) Teresa. I was at their wedding, and we danced the Fandango in best style. The town of Pueblo is situated on this side of yonder mountains, west of Bent's Fort, and north of Santa Fe, forming with these two places an almost equiangular triangle, Santa Fe being equally distant from either, but accessible from Pueblo via Bent's Fort only, and not directly, on account of the interjacent mountains. Valerio has probably become a free trapper. I always thought and foretold him so, for I knew his trapping disposition, as he is a first rate hunter. If we could engage him to assist me as a guide, I think we would safely reach Pueblo, and thence proceed to Bent's Fort, without meeting with the Gros-Ventres, who should thus be kept ignorant of our march through these regions, if we can help it, as long as we are still on this side of Bent's Fort, beyond which we shall be out of their reach. Martinez! will you accompany me on a visit to Mendoza's habitation to-morrow?"

"Con muchissimo gusto!" (with very much pleasure!) answered Martinez, and Carrel observed:

"According to Yonka's report, it's not more than a few hours' ride thither, and we all may as well as you two only, pay a visit to-morrow to Dona Teresa and Senorico Alejo, (Master Alexis,) without any inconvenience, or intruding upon her hospitality, as we have a sufficient quantity of provisions for us and feed for our animals. Who will volunteer to ride, in the mean time, back to the Fort, to bring some intelligence thither and thence back to us, along the ricks, where we may meet again?"

Bolzano and Tivocati declared themselves willing to perform that service. So they both started, with their four mules and one of the dogs, early the next morning for the east, while the other twenty men and Yonka, with the two other dogs, rode through the forest towards Mendoza's habitation, which they reached at noon.

In order not to frighten the "Senora" and her "Hijico," (little son,) by our great number appearing all at once, we dismounted and camped at about one mile's distance from the habitation, whither Yonka walked with Sylvio and Martinez, intending to surprise her more agreeably by coming on foot.

Teresa wept for joy at seeing again her husband's friend Sylvio, after so many years. She called him "Caro Hermano," (Dear Brother,) and kissed Yonka, as her "Cara Hermana," (Dear Sister,) for having brought him thither, whereupon she also welcomed Martinez, and was delighted in hearing him likewise talk Spanish. She would prepare something to refresh her visitors, but Sylvio thanked her once for all, stating, in a few words our circumstances, and in-

tentions concerning our expedition. She expressed the desire to see us in our camp, while she dressed herself and her Alejico (little Alexis,) for going out, and soon they started, accompanied by his faithful playmate, the barking and bounding Fido.

Before they arrived in the camp, Carrel advanced politely to greet the Senora, and we followed him for the same purpose. Sylvio was carrying Alejico on his arms, and presented him to our kisses, while our two dogs jumped joyfully up to Sylvio, their principal patron, who often caressed and treated them, as he was very fond of dogs in general, and of them in particular. But Fido, not less courageous than faithful, mistaking their jumps as attacks on Master Alejo, bit them with such a fury, that they, in self-defence and revenge used likewise their teeth, and bit Fido, in one moment, so horribly that the poor little dog was dead before we could interfere to prevent the unequal struggle.

Dona Teresa exclaimed in despair, "Ay! que desgracia! o Cielos! que pena!" (Oh! what a mischief! Heavens! what an affliction!)—while Alejo wept bitterly, and repeated his plaintive cries, "Fidijo mio! Perrico mio!" (My little Fido! my little dog!) But poor Fido was gone for ever!—bitten into eternity by two uncouth Indian dogs, and we could not make the mischief undone even if we had killed them both in expiation of little Fido's tragical end. Our well-intentioned proposal of a compensation to Dona Teresa was, at first declined by her; however, through Sylvio's intervention and persuasion, she was at length prevailed upon accepting one of our dogs as Fido's substitute, called "Matador," (murderer,) for having bitten poor Fido to death; and the accomplice with Matador we gave in equal justice, the name of "Asasino." In order to reconcile the mother and son with our company as well as possible, Yonka presented them with her second pony, as an additional compensation, which Teresa was obliged to accept, declaring that she and her Alejo were now more than consoled and satisfied. Yonka forced Teresa immediately to mount, with Alejico, upon her pony, and thus return riding.

As Sylvio supposed, his friend Valerio had become a free trapper, and was just out on a journey to Pueblo, engaged in selling skins and purchasing household articles there, whence his wife expected him to return home during the present week. So she told Sylvio while she rode with him back to her habitation, followed by the others.

On the short way thither, Yonka directed Waanataa's attention to a spot at some distance, where a body was slowly moving or creeping along the edge of a shrubbery. Labouring under the impression to meet there some game, Waanataa directed his mule to the suspicious place, and Yonka followed him on her pony, both preparing their rifles for instant use; but scarcely had they begun to proceed thither, when they perceived an Indian spring up and run along the shrubbery, with the swiftness of an antelope, disappearing in the thicket of the forest only a few seconds after they had seen him rise.

"What's that?" cried Carrel, pointing to the apparition, and, at

the same time, Teresa exclaimed, looking thither, "Santissima Virgen!" (most holy Virgin!) "un Camancho!"—"A Camanche!" cried and repeated nineteen voices in a chorus, and the whole cavalcade started in a gallop after Waanataa and Yonka, who had both, in the mean time, reached and entered the forest in pursuit of the Camanche, recognised also by them as belonging to that tribe. Yonka, whose pony ran better than Waanataa's mule, came nearest to the fugitive, and saw him leap down into a narrow precipice, whither she could not and would not venture to follow him, and in which he vanished out of her sight at the same instant when Waanataa arrived there also. They rode back to the skirt of the forest, where they met with the others, discussing about what was to be done. Waanataa said,—

"Let us take that lady and her child along with us, and return to our Fort as fast as possible, without minding our ricks for the present. I suspect that sneaking fellow to be sent out by a body of marauding Camanches, as a spy, to reconnoitre our number and that of our animals, for the purpose of attacking us, and of stealing them during the fight. Let us make haste, before they come hither in a body!"

The appearance of the Camanche gave Donna Teresa cause to relate the following circumstances to Sylvio, who immediately communicated them, as very important to us,—on account of which we postponed our departure until the next morning.

"Munoz, an old acquaintance of Teresa and of her husband, had formerly been her adorer, but without success, as she never had given him the least encouragement, and finally married Valerio, six years ago. However, Munoz had the impudence to persecute her with his odious passion, even after she had lawfully become Valerio's wife, and in order to get rid of him and out of his reach, without bloodshed, the young couple had retired into the wilderness, where they thought Munoz would not find them out,—and which at the same time, suited well Valerio's purpose to become a free trapper.

"Either by natural disposition or by despair, on account of rejected love, which now was immoral and criminal for a man of honour, Munoz had turned leader of a band of Mexican guerillas, during the war between Mexico and the United States,—and, after the treaty of peace, they had turned a band of outlaws, who infested the Santa Fe route and its vicinities, being a terrible scourge in these regions, particularly for emigrants and other travellers along that route. Munoz had now, as a captain of robbers, full power to satisfy his rapacity; but he would have laid all his treasures, accumulated by manifold robberies and murders, at Teresa's feet, for the sake of her love. This she knew positively, as he had told her so himself, in her own habitation, and not longer than a few days ago.

"Only think of my consternation!" said Teresa to Sylvio, "when Munoz was standing before me, last Sunday morning, just when I rose from my prayer to the Holy Virgin! But he instantly raised his right hand, pointing to our crucifix, and said, 'Teresa! I swear, by the holy name of our Saviour, that I will not harm you or—any one else.'



"Well!" answered I, "Why do you come hither into our peaceful abode? Why don't you cease to persecute us, even here, in the wilderness?"

"Teresa!" replied he, "I entreat you, listen to me! But where is Valerio? Let him also hear what I have to say!"

"My husband is gone to Pueblo, and will probably return hither at the end of this week," rejoined I, with a feigned confidence, "but, Munoz! if innocence and virtue cannot prevent you from doing wrong,"—I took Alejo before me, and posted myself with him under the crucifix—"my dagger shall either save or kill me!" So saying, I grasped the dagger attached to my belt.

"I am not such a monster as you suppose me to be, Teresa," answered he, with a mournful countenance, "your little one's innocence and your virtue are more than sufficient, but your dagger is unnecessary to defend you against me: trust me! if you cannot love me!"

"I trust you, Munoz," replied I, "but I cannot love you; my love belongs to Valerio, my husband. You know that I never encouraged you to love me, before you became a robber, a criminal who constantly violates the laws of God and man. And do you think now, Munoz—after you have become an outcast and a murderer, after you have stained your hands with innocent human blood—that I can ever love you?"

"Angel of heaven!" exclaimed he, and wept bitterly, covering his face and falling down upon his knees. "Teresa! lead me back to the path of honour! Save my soul from eternal ruin!"

"I will pray to the Holy Virgin for you, and be your sister, as Valerio shall become your brother, if you will repent,—if you turn an honest man again." Thus I spoke.

"Yes, I will do so," replied he, in ecstasy. "I will deserve to be your brother. I swear by the name of the Holy Virgin, that I will, as much as possible, atone for my crimes, and live now as an honest man, like my brother Valerio, your noble husband."

"He kissed my hand, which I stretched out to raise him; then he took Alejo up and kissed him also, whereupon he sighed and said with a deep emotion, 'How happy brother Valerio must be to have such a wife and such a son! Well,' continued he, as if speaking to himself, 'I am a criminal, and Valerio has always been an honest man; how can I be or deserve to be as happy as he is?'"

"But there is no time now for idle talk about such things; your lives are in danger, and, my love—no! forgive me that expression!—dear sister! My friendship for you, drove me hither to warn you. A great war-cry is now sounding among the Indians along the new boundary-line between the United States, our new country, and Mexico, our old country. The Apachos and the Camanches, supposed to be secretly instigated by Santa Anna, will invite the Grupos-Vi-entres to join them in waging a bloody guerilla-war against those of the Americanos (Americans) who are travelling in large crowds on the Great Santa Fe Route to California, where they have discovered rich gold mines."

"Many marauding and plundering Mejicanos (Mexicans) will not

“ ‘Where is your husband?’ demanded the robber! ‘My husband is in Pueblo,’ answered I, ‘but if innocence and virtue cannot protect  
your doing wrong, my *dagger* shall *kill* or *save* me.’ ”





join the red-skins, whom they despise as inferior to the whites; but they will remain independent guerrillas—so they call themselves, while they are nothing else than robbers—waging war against the Americanos, that is, plundering and murdering all the travellers they meet, without distinction, men, women and children. Being disgusted with such a life, (although hitherto those under my command have murdered neither women nor children, but only such men as would fight, and not surrender their property,) I have proposed to my followers an expedition to El Dorado, California, where we may honestly get gold without bloodshed and plunder. About two-thirds—eighteen—of them have adhered to my plan, willing to remain and to act under my direction; the ten others have declared that they need not go so far to acquire gold, which they can get with much less trouble on the Santa Fe route, and they will become—at least they expect so—leaders of Indian guerrillas or marauders. Mateo, the worst and most blood-thirsty of all my followers, has already become the leader of a band of about forty or fifty Camanchos, roaming within a hundred miles around here. I apprehend that they may find you out, and plunder, or even kill you, with your husband and child; for a marauding Camancho is worse than the worst bandido Mejicano. Thus I have come hither, knowing your retreat, to acquaint you with the threatening danger, of which nobody else could inform you. But now I regret most heartily that Valerio is absent, or else I would have invited you and him to accompany us in our expedition to California. In the mean time, until his return home, I will go and fetch my company, with whom I will come hither and protect you from any attack of marauding Camanchos or Mejicanos.’

“He took leave by kissing my hand respectfully, promising not to lose one hour till his return to protect us with the assistance of his followers. You may now conceive my fright at seeing that Camancho, who is probably one of Mateo’s marauding band.”

This communication caused us immediately to consider what was to be done. We could not leave Teresa alone with her child, and our own safety required a speedy return to our fort, which might be attacked and taken with its small garrison before we could reach it. Yonka heroically and generously declared to remain with Teresa, but Waanataa would either stay also, or have them and Alejo taken along with us to the fort; however, Teresa refused to leave her habitation before the return of her husband. At length we agreed with each other in the following plan:

Yonka, Waanataa, Sylvio and Adam should stay with Teresa and Alejo, until Valerio’s return, whether or not Munoz and his companions should come; the other seventeen men of our company were to start the next morning for the fort, and there wait for the arrival of their four remaining companions, either with or without Valerio and his family.

Bolzano and Tivocati had safely reached the fort, and thence returned immediately, according to what they had promised, riding upwards the South Fork along the ricks, where they met with the

other party of eighteen men, about fifteen miles from the fort, whither they now returned together.

Valerio's habitation had, in the mean time, become the scene of a most interesting drama, in which different characters were more than hitherto developed.

One day had elapsed after the departure of the main body of our party, when Valerio arrived from Pueblo, quite astonished at finding so many strangers at his habitation ; but when his wife told him who they were, and how they had come thither, and particularly when he recognised his friend Sylvio, his joy was still greater than his surprise had been. They immediately acquainted him with every thing concerning Munoz, who was expected every moment, and might have caused fatal mistakes and mischief ; but after this explanation Valerio was ready to receive his former rival like a brother.

When Valerio learned the cause why the other visitors were there, he expressed to them his heart-felt gratitude for their generosity, and after consulting Teresa, he declared himself and his wife willing to join the Phalanx, if the other members would adopt them as their brother and sister. Adam took the responsibility to answer in the name of all, that they both, with their Alejico, should from that moment be considered as belonging to the Phalanx. They now resolved upon leaving the habitation all together for the Phalanx fort as soon as Valerio and his family should be ready, which he expected would be in two or three days.

They were interrupted in their conversation by seeing a company of about twenty armed men arrive and encamp at a little distance from the habitation.

"Munoz and his companions," cried Valerio and Teresa. A few moments after Munoz knocked at the door, which they opened, receiving him with all the affection due to a repentant sinner. He would begin an apologizing conversation with Valerio, but was cordially requested by him, once for all, never to speak of the past; whereupon he acquainted him with Sylvio, Waanataa, Yonka and Adam, as members of a company on their journey to California, whose main body were residing in a fort about fifty miles distant, with sixty or seventy mules and horses. Valerio added, that he and his wife would also join the company, and emigrate to California, but Munoz did not listen to that, and seemed deeply lost in thought for some moments. At length he said:

"I hope that no more persons have been here lately, who belong to that company."

"Why not?" asked Teresa. "Certainly; fifteen or twenty more of them have been here."

"With mules?" inquired Munoz anxiously.

"Yes," answered Teresa; "every one of them had two mules."

Munoz then gave, in Spanish, the following account, which Sylvio interpreted:

"A few miles from here I met with Mateo and his band, consisting of about one hundred Camanches. The fool is almost crazy with pride to be the commander-in-chief of so large a body of ma-

rauding red-skins. He asked me, whether I and my eight companions had not yet given up our 'foolish fancy,' as he called it, to live honestly and rob no more. I of course answered negatively, and told him that he had better follow my example. He laughed scornfully, and said

"Munoz, what big fools are you all! Look here at these hundred brave Camanchos. They are all on foot now, like your poor fellows, but before this evening some fifty mules shall probably be ours, and as many of us shall then be Caballeros.\* One of my spies has discovered about here a whole caballeria, (cavalcade,) consisting of twenty men, nineteen Americanos and one Indio, each with two mules, besides one Mejicana with one Hijico mounted on a pony, and one Indio mounted on another pony. My fellow, a cunning Camancho, was lying in a bush, observing the caballeria, and counting the number of their animals, when the rascally red-skin and his squaw discovered him, creeping a little way to a place where he would be more concealed from their sight, and they both began immediately a chase after him, followed by the whole caballeria. The squaw was foremost, as her pony ran like a diablo, and would have probably despatched him with her double-barrelled rifle if she had reached him, but he had too good a start of her and the other red-skin, and suddenly vanished, jumping into a narrow precipice whither they could not and durst not follow him. But he will soon have an opportunity to pay them for that chase."

They all agreed in the opinion that they were in a most horrible situation, as it was more than probable that Mateo and his band lay in the vicinity or even around the habitation, expecting to catch therein the whole company with all the animals at once.

"There is no use in fighting," said Munoz, after some reflection, "as we are too few, being only twenty-four or twenty-five in number, while Mateo has a hundred savage rascals at his command, who would kill and scalp us all in less than one hour, even if we should fight like lions, being one against four. Let us therefore act with cunning, instead of fighting, until your other friends will come hither and assist us in beating off these marauding ruffians, for the purpose of which a message must be sent to your fort. I would undertake to perform that service if I could leave you, but I must stay here and protect you, by keeping Mateo in check through my still remaining influence on him; so the difficulty now is to carry the message to the fort and to give up your animals to these rascals, which sacrifice, I think, is necessary to satisfy the latter in the mean time, and which we may perhaps recover by our succeeding victory."

"Your suggestions, Don Munoz, are excellent," said Adam, "and with your assistance we may save ourselves, by sacrificing for the present our animals, and by fighting afterwards all together and vanquishing Mateo and his band."

"My fellows might leave you and join Mateo's band," said Mu-

\* Caballero means Cavalier and Gentleman.

noz, "or else I would carry your message to the fort, as Mateo would not think of preventing me and my followers from going any where. But I must keep them in their good resolutions by my presence and by sharing their fate whatever it may be."

Waanataa said:

"If none of us can get across these wicked Camanches, to carry the message to our fort, a dog may get through without attracting their attention; so I propose Matador as our messenger. Brother Adam, write a letter in French to Carrel, as Mateo might have learnt to understand a little English, in consequence of mingling with Americans. I will fasten that letter under Matador's neck with a string around it and a piece of red cloth on the top, to attract the attention of those in the fort; but poor Matador must have nothing to eat and a good flogging, before we let him go, that he may run the faster to the fort."

"Waanataa!" cried Adam, "you are a capital fellow and more cunning than we all together. I will write immediately, and you may beat Matador a little in the mean while; but we must afterwards well compensate the poor dog for those sufferings and good services."

He took a piece of a paper, which he always carried with him as our journalist, and wrote the following message:

"Dear Brother: We are surrounded by a hundred hostile Camanche Indian robbers, commanded by Mateo, a Mexican, to whom we will sacrifice our animals while you are coming to attack them from the outside, when we shall do so simultaneously from our side. Come all! leaving the women in the fort with the mules, except those you will mount to come hither to Valerio's habitation; he, his wife and his son; Sylvio, Waanataa, Yonka and myself, with a friend to V. Munoz, who is the chief of 18 men, ready to fight for us. When you will arrive or attack, let every rifle or pistol be fired twice successively—we will do the same. Let our watchword be 'California,' and the answer be 'Phalanx!' Every other writing which is not accompanied by a copy of this is null; arrest and shoot the bearer of such a message as a robber. Matador shall bring you this. Written on Saturday, at noon, January 27. ADAM."

After reading this message to the others, who all agreed with its contents, Adam copied and folded it up in letter form, addressing it to the "Phalanx." Then Waanataa wrapped it carefully up and fastened it under Matador's neck, as he had before said; then he unchained and gave the poor dog some more blows with a stick, whereupon Matador began to cry and to run like a locomotive, while the company expressed to each other their regrets at being compelled by danger and necessity to such a cruel expedient.

Matador had scarcely run away, when one of the men commanded by Munoz reported, that Mateo's Camanchos were forming a wide circle around the habitation.

Soon after Mateo made his appearance at the door, greeting the persons present with an assumed air of dignity and politeness, which were indeed nothing but a clownish haughtiness.



Munoz went to meet Mateo at the door, Valerio and Sylvio following his example, to shake hands with the new-comer; while Waanataa and Adam only bowed a little towards him. Yonka and Teresa with Alejico were sitting in a corner. Munoz introduced Valerio and Sylvio to Mateo as two friends, whom he had formerly known at Santa Fé and Pueblo, where they were still engaged in the skin-trade.

"Bien, muy bien," (well, very well,) said Mateo in reply; "then they have money and mules, I suspect."

"Of course they have these two articles," answered Munoz with a smile, "and I have already told them that you are very fond of such things."

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Mateo, "have you? that's right. If you will, you shall have your part of the booty; as to that of the beauty, I know that you have come hither only to secure that before your departure for El Dorado."

He said the last twenty words in a rather low tone, not to be understood by the others. At a wink from Adam, Sylvio left him, and went with Valerio to the corner, where Teresa and Yonka were sitting, with whom they began also in a low conversation, in which Waanataa joined with Yonka, so that Adam sat writing alone.

"Quien es este Caballero?" (Who is that gentleman?) inquired Mateo, and Munoz replied:

"Un Americano, who neither understands nor speaks one word of Spanish; therefore, we may talk here behind or before him, whatever we like, without any danger of being understood and betrayed by him. In English he is a great scholar, and at the same time a great fool, as all those learned fellows are, you know, who read and write books: the more they study and write the less they know of and do for the world. He is always writing his journal, which, like many another writing of that kind, will never be read and good for any thing, except perhaps for wrapping cheese in. But, Mateo, I entreat you, don't mention to any body what you know of my life hitherto, nor what I have told you of my love to Donna Teresa; for if Valerio should learn that, he would get crazy with jealousy and not go along with her to California, whither I will induce them to emigrate with me. Keep your tongue, and I will help you to get the mules and the money of these other fellows, on the condition that you give me half of what you shall get of the latter article, of which they have a good deal, I know. But you must not shed any blood: no murder is necessary, if you will do as I tell you."

"Bravo!" whispered Mateo; "you talk like a learned man, although not like a fool, Munoz. What will you have me to do?"

"First, you must promise me not to shed blood. Then I will act as an old friend of yours."

"Caramba, indeed!" answered Mateo in a suppressed passion; "have you all at once turned a real saint, to be thus afraid of human blood? Napoleon is called a 'Gran Heroe,' (great hero,) like Alejandro Magno, (Alexander the Great,) because he has shed

so much human blood that great lakes could have been filled with it. The more blood is shed by such a 'hero,' the greater is his 'glory' before the world. However, I don't care for glory, if I can get mules and money, for which I will give you my word as a bravo Bandido Mejicano not to kill any of your friends, or of those caballeros Americanos, if I can help it, that is, if they give me their mules and their money without fighting."

"Mateo!" flattered Munoz, "if I had not sworn to give up robbing, I would go along with you, even under your command; for I see you have there a fine number of daring fellows, although they be mere red-skins, who obey you as their capitan, or rather as their 'Gran-Jefe,' (great chief;) never mind their inferiority to white people! they make up in quantity what they lack in quality. Now tell me: what shall be my part of your booty in money, if I tell you how you can get all the money of that whole company of Americanos, with all their mules?"

"I must know first, how much money they have, which my spy could not see, who only counted their mules to be forty. Let us ask that escritorillo (polygraph or ink-blotting fellow) how much money he and his comrades have in their possession."

Mateo took a Spanish quarter-dollar out of his pocket, showed it to Adam, and said:

"Caballero! Cuanto?" (How much?)

Adam, feigning to understand that Mateo asked him how much that piece was worth, wrote upon the margin of his journal: "twenty-five cents!"

"Por vida mia!" (By my life!) said Mateo, angrily, "Such a learned fellow is more stupid than a mulo!" trying to make Adam better understand him by speaking broken Spanish, he continued: "Cuantas pesas? cuantas piastras? Caballeros Americanos!" (How many dollars? how many piasters? gentlemen Americans!)

Adam did not think proper to feign any longer not to understand what the robber meant, and wrote upon a piece of paper 20 x 50 = 1000 piasters!

"Mil piastras!" (One thousand piasters!)—cried Mateo, "probably twenty men, each with fifty piasters and forty mules—that will do for commencing!—Muy bien! (Very well!)—but where are now the other fellows? I have ordered my Camanches to form a circle around here and let nobody escape. During these two hours no living creature left these premises, except a dog, running like a startled antelope, after being missed by one of my fellows, who was furious at having fired a shot for nothing, as he would have had a great relish in eating the dog roasted. Have those other Caballeros hidden themselves about here?"

"As much as I have been able to understand that learned jack-ass," answered Munoz, with a slight motion of his hand toward Adam, "I think that his company have a camp at a distance of about one day's ride from here, upwards along the next river. I advise you to let him write a note in English to his companions, that they shall pay to the bearer 1000 piasters, and deliver up to

him the thirty-six mules they have there, the piasters and the mules being to ransom him from you and your Camanchos, whose number he must write to be 500 at least, so that they will not think of refusing to ransom him, or of attacking such a large body of warriors. In order that you may somewhat understand his writing let him use cyphers and words which are the same or similar in Spanish and in English. 1000 piastras or piasters—36 mulos or mules—500 Camanchos or Camanches. You may send me alone or with my fellows to bring that writing to the camp, whence I will return with your money and your mules, and be satisfied if you give me and my men 100 piasters for our service,—that will make ten for me and five for each of them, as they are eighteen. I think that is a very little reward for two days' job."

"The first part of your proposed plan is very good, Munoz," replied Mateo, "and I will adopt it; but, concerning the second part of it, I have another opinion. I like to do such a job myself, as it is a money business: however, if I get the whole ransom of 1000, you shall have 100 piastras, for which you must keep the watch here with your eighteen fellows and let nobody leave the premises until I return hither, with six of my men, whom I will take along, as I see here six mules and two ponies, which I reserve for me exclusively. When I come back, on the day after to-morrow, I expect you shall have one of the mules besides, and if your friend Valerio behaves well, that is, quietly, he also shall have one, and I will add one for Dona Teresa, out of respect for her, because I like to be gallant. Now try to let that Escritorcillo understand what he must write!"

"Sylvio!" said Munoz, "you understand a little English, help me explain to the Caballero Americano that he must write to his friends in the camp for his ransom: 1000 piastras, payable to Mateo, the bearer of the writing, and 36 mulos, to be delivered up to him; if not, the writer shall be murdered by Mateo's Camanchos, whose number he must write to be 500."

After a sufficient explanation, Adam feigningly refused to obey, until Mateo said, "I will threaten him with death: be not uneasy for him, as it is only a mockery!"

He took, with his right hand, a pistol, and with his left, a dagger, from his belt, saying to Adam, "Veamos!" (let us see!) But instantly Waanataa stepped forth, grasping his tomahawk, and Mateo exclaimed:

"If that big red-skin dares budge another step, I will shoot him down like a dog. He is undoubtedly the rascal who, with his squaw there, gave chase the other day on my Camancho, who may take his own vengeance on them, when I think proper. Let them beware of him!"

"Go back," said Adam to Waanataa, who obeyed, when Mateo pointed around the room to the several windows, through which an odd score of grim and savage faces of Camanches, armed with guns, looked at every motion of their new chief, who continued:

"When I came hither I relied on my guardia there, and nobody else except myself."

Now Adam wrote the following lines :

"Companions—Pay 1000 piasters to Don Mateo, a noble and estimable Mexican, captain of 500 Camanches, whose captive I am here at Don Valerio's habitation. Give Don Mateo also 36 mules for the life and liberty of

ADAM.

"Saturday evening, January 27.

"Nocopy !

"To the California Phalanx."

Adam gave Mateo the writing, who read it attentively, and was evidently satisfied by the similarity of many words in the English and Spanish languages, as he was thus persuaded that no deception took place. He read :

"Companions (companeros) ; pay (pagar, pagad) ; piasters (piastras) ; noble (noble) ; estimable (estimable) ; captain (capitan) ; Camanches (Camanchos) ; captive (captive) ; habitation (habitation) ; mules (mulos) ; liberty (libertad) ; Saturday (Sabado) ; January (Enero) ; nocopy, noche (night.) Does 'nocopy' mean noche?"

"Yes. I suspect it shall mean your Night of Death," answered Adam, rather involuntarily. However, Sylvio did not deem it advisable to interpret that to Mateo, but only answered falsely to his inquiry after what Adam had said, "He expressed his admiration for your ability to understand so many English words, when he used the exclamation. Are you satisfied now?"

"Bien, muy bien," (well, very well,) replied Mateo, with self-conceit, or rather self-deceit, supposing that now every thing was right and prepared for him—that he might only go and take possession of 1000 piastres and 36 mules, after presenting Adam's note. He took it from his hands, folded it up and put it into his own pocket, saying :

"Munoz, I hope to see you again here the day after to-morrow, when I will bring you the 100 piastres. In the mean time, good night, gentlemen and madam."

Before night set in they saw how Mateo ordered his fellows to camp around the habitation; then he mounted upon one of Yonka's ponies and gave the other to one of his fellows, to let him run along, six of whom mounted upon Adam's, Sylvio's and Waanataa's mules. At last the little cavalcade of marauders began to proceed towards the east, in the direction of the Phalanx fort.

As soon as they had disappeared, Adam and his companions began to prepare for an offensive and defensive struggle with Mateo's band. Valerio's whole habitation was immediately and silently surrounded by the eighteen men under the command of Munoz, who was to defend it with Valerio and Yonka, while Adam, Sylvio and Waanataa would sally forth at the same time, when the other Phalangians would arrive from the east, probably fighting themselves through the main body of the blockading Camanches. The whole succeeding night was thus spent in defensive preparations, particularly to preserve Teresa and Alejico from danger as

much as possible. They were to retire into the cave connected with the habitation, if it should be set on fire by the Camanches.

At the fort, Carrel was busily engaged with seventeen of his companions, mounted on and leading besides, as many mules, while Ned kept the other mules and horses under his care, to bring the ricks to the fort, which task they had half completed on Saturday evening, when they encamped in the open air. It was midnight; the three scouts on duty, Martinez, Bolzano and Pally, were riding around the camp, when poor Matador, exhausted with fatigue, hunger and cold, crept wagging and whining, unable or not daring to bark, before Martinez, who fortunately immediately recognised the faithful dog.

"Matador!" exclaimed Martinez, discerning the good animal in the dark, and stroking its head, when his hand grasped the red cloth and the string around its neck, under which he felt the small package containing Adam's French letter, which he took off and carried hastily to Carrel, whom he waked from his sleep.

In a few minutes Carrel roused the whole camp, and communicated to his companions Adam's message, in consequence of which a council was immediately held, and the resolution taken that Ned should return directly and speedily to the fort with the message, accompanied by brave Matador, and take all the mules and horses along, each carrying a portion of the baggage and a load of water-plants, except eighteen mules, upon which Carrel and his companions mounted, all well armed and resolute to fight as soon as necessary, when they immediately started for the west along the ricks.

It was on Sunday, the 28th day of January, at sun-rise, when Carrel and his seventeen companions stopped and dismounted near a little bush and a rick of water-plants, where they made a fire, and fed their mules, and then prepared a warm breakfast, which they ate with a good appetite, after half a night's fast ride. Scarcely had they done eating, when they were roused by the appearance of seven riders, six of whom they recognised to be Indians covered with dirty skins and rags, but armed with guns, while the seventh, evidently their leader, was dressed in a fantastical Spanish or Mexican costume. He rode upon an Indian pony, and the one next to him led another pony, while this Indian and the five others rode upon mules, which Carrel and his friends recognised as their own, and the two ponies as those belonging to Yonka.

"That's Mateo and some of his marauding Camanches," said Carrel. "Now let us be ready to act and to fight, without showing our intentions too soon. Martinez, be our interpreter with that ruffian."

"Gentlemen, whence do you come?" cried Mateo, approaching with his fellows.

"That is none of your business," replied Martinez, in Spanish, "nor do we care whence you come, or whither you go, and who you are; but if you will tell us that, perhaps, we will satisfy your rather impudent curiosity, by giving you a proper answer."

Mateo did not seem willing to resent the insult, undoubtedly out

of respect for eighteen double-barrelled rifles and as many pairs of ditto pistols; for, instead of answering Martinez in the same tone, he humbly begged his pardon, and added:

"My name is Don Mateo, great chief of the Camanches, of whom I have about five hundred not far from here, all ready to fight; and it was not mere curiosity on my part which induced me to ask that question, but because I have a message to deliver to a company of caballeros, whom I supposed you to be."

"By whom and to whom is that message written?" asked Martinez, whose companions kept silent, and Mateo replied:

"By Adam to the caballeros of the California Phalanx." His voice began to falter, and his features bespoke the consciousness of a criminal as well as that of a coward. Martinez resumed:

"We are that company, and that caballero," pointing to Carrel, "is our chief; give the message to him."

Mateo did so, and posted himself again at the head of his band, who formed a single line in front of Carrel, whose companions rode also up, without command, into one line opposite, while Hector took his place by Carrel's side, who at length read with a loud voice:

"Companions—Pay one thousand piastres to Don Mateo, a noble and estimable Mexican, captain of five hundred Camanches, whose captive I am here at Don Valerio's habitation. Give Don Mateo also thirty-six mules, for the life and liberty of ADAM.

"Saturday evening, January 27.

"No copy."

Scarcely had Carrel said the last two words, when he tore at once the paper in two, and at the same instant Mateo fell dead from Yonka's pony, his forehead being hit by two balls, not one inch from each other, fired by Hector. The six marauding fellows of Mateo were simultaneously shot with him, as none of them had time to think of shooting or fighting offensively and defensively. The six mules and the two ponies, frightened by the reports of so many rifles, and without riders, ran away in full gallop towards the fort.

"We cannot follow the animals," said Carrel, with a feigned *sang froid*, "but we must hurry on towards Valerio's habitation to rescue our brothers and sisters there. Let us hide in this bush the arms of these dead robbers, whom we were forced, in self-preservation, to shoot into eternity."

Seven guns and six tomahawks, with Mateo's sword, were concealed in the hollow stump of an old tree, after doing which and recharging their rifles, the cavalcade continued trotting on westward, taking along some powder horns, partly filled with powder, as trophies, from the dead marauders.

They came near Valerio's habitation, where they rested half an hour, to feed their mules and to refresh themselves with what they had of victuals. When the Phalangarians had been, with their animals a little strengthened by rest, and food, they mounted upon them again, and Carrel said with a firm and loud voice:



"Brothers and friends, now let us fight like heroes—as worthy Phalangians let us fight, and if it must be, let us die fighting for our captive brothers and sisters, and for ourselves, as it is sure that these marauding savages will attack us in our fort, whence they expect Mateo to return with our money and our animals. Let none of us be frightened by the dreadful war-whoop; the reports of our rifles shall duly answer it. Let not one single shot be fired without effect, for we have not one to spare. Let us keep and fight closely together like a real Phalanx. Our watchword is: 'California—Phalanx!'"

"Let each of us now fire two successive shots until they answer, according to Adam's plan. I will begin, then you will continue, Hector, and so on, every one re-charging as fast as possible."

So it was done, and Hector had scarcely fired when they answered twice on the other side, where every thing had been prepared for a vigorous sally.

"Thank Heaven," cried Adam, "our friends are coming! Mateo and his fellows are killed. Now let us fight! One! two! That's right! One! two! again! Let us answer."

Adam and Sylvio fired their rifles in double and quick succession, and immediately re-charged them, whereupon they cried as loud as they could, "California!" and anxiously listened for the answer, "Phalanx!" that sounded through the rattling of numerous rifle-shots, accompanied by the yells of the war-whoop, which the furious Camanches bellowed, wielding their tomahawks and firing their guns at random, in the hope thus either to scare their assailants or to hasten Mateo's return, whom they supposed to be fighting with the latter.

Leaving Valerio's habitation surrounded by the eighteen men under the direction of Munoz and Valerio, Yonka remaining within by Teresa and Alejico, as their last protectors in a case of utmost misfortune,—Adam, Sylvio and Waanataa advanced with undaunted courage towards their coming friends, at every moment attacked by hosts of Camanches, who fell, one after the other, by the never-missing balls of the Phalangians, while they moved slowly but constantly forward, on either side, or rather towards each other, until they joined their 'California' and 'Phalanx' with mutual 'Hurrah,' repeated in joyful excitement of triumph and victory. The twenty-two Phalangians would now hold a short council about what should be done in pursuit of their victory, but they were interrupted by the reports of many guns, fired in the direction of Valerio's habitation, where they supposed a new attack to be made by the still numerous Camanches, in consequence of which they hurried thither as fast as possible.

In the mean time Valerio's habitation was the theatre of horrible bloodshed. A large body of Camanches had made a desperate charge upon its defenders, posted around it. Seven of the latter fell dead, and four were severely wounded, besides Munoz, who fought like a hero, until a shot broke his right arm, whereupon he still fired his four pistols with his left hand, killing or wounding an enemy by every shot.

Valerio had posted himself before the door, behind which his hero-



ical Teresa re-charged several guns and pistols, exchanging them with him for those he had fired; while Yonka vied with him, always shooting the foremost of the assailing Camanches.

More than one hundred Camanches were killed, and it was evident that as many still remained, shooting and roaming about. They had undoubtedly either been more than one hundred in number when Mateo commanded them, or increased since his arrival at Valerio's habitation; furthermore, it was probable, that a band of marauding Camanches had gone in search of Mateo with his companions, and found their corpses on the way to the fort, whither they were also driven by hope of plunder or by vengeance, in consequence of which those in the fort must be in a very dangerous situation. It became, therefore, a most urgent necessity, to finish as soon as possible the struggle with the Camanches about Valerio's, and then to return in a body to the fort, which was to be preserved by all means as the last and only retreat of the company.

When Carrel, with his eighteen mounted companions, and the three others on foot, arrived at Valerio's, forty or fifty Camanches made a new and most vigorous charge on them, to prevent their union, which however was soon completed, although unhappily not without a considerable loss on the part of the Phalangians, of whom the following were more or less severely wounded: Downing, Johns, Clarke, Donaldson, Tivocati, Maxle, Roger, Pally and Waanataa; but in revenge they killed seventeen, and wounded about a score of Camanches, the remainder of whom were driven out of sight in less than one hour.

However, notwithstanding this decided victory, the situation of all was dreadful in the extreme, on account of the wounded, who could neither have their wounds well dressed for want of lint, nor be well tended and made comfortable, particularly because the weather had suddenly turned very cold, and snow fell in large quantity on the evening of the battle day, and provisions for men and animals were rather scanty, while it was impossible to reach the fort before two or three days, even if all had been able to start for it on the next day. There were now in all thirty-eight persons living at Valerio's habitation: twenty-two men and Yonka of the Phalanx; Valerio, Teresa and Alejico; Munoz and eleven of his men remaining. Among these thirty-eight persons seventeen were wounded and more or less unable to walk, through the deep snow, a distance of fifty miles to the fort.

On Tuesday, the 30th of January, the company started from Valerio's habitation, seventeen mules being mounted by the wounded men, whose condition allowed only a slow motion, made so already by the natural impediment of a deep snow, which fell steadily for the last thirty-six hours, so that the difficulties of the company on the journey to the fort were numerous and great.

Among the wounded, those born in Southern countries suffered the most from the cold.

Several of our companions in misfortune gave way already to despair, willing to throw themselves into the snow and die. Carrel, however, proved now that he deserved to be the chief of the com-

pany. Out-roaring the storm, he commanded with all the power of his voice, "Halt!" and continued:

"My friends, let us never lose our trust in God. He is the master of the elements and our fate. He will not forsake us if we do not give ourselves up to despair. Washington, the greatest hero of liberty, and his heroic band, had once more and worse hardships to overcome; 2000 men without sufficient food and clothing, bare-headed and bare-footed, they marched through ice and snow, leaving bloody footsteps on their way to immortal victory and liberty. Let their glorious example refresh our trust in God!"

During the night the weather grew a little milder, and since the violent "pouderie" which caused the company to stop, it had ceased snowing and storming.

With sun-rise they rose from their rather uncomfortable couch, the lower part of which was immediately eaten up by the hungry mules, while the half-starved travellers consumed the last remnants of their cold rice, to keep up their fainting strength for the day, on which they must either reach the fort, or lay down again upon the frozen ground, without any thing to eat, most probably to rise no more, as then they must die with cold, and for want of food. What a horrible prospect!

The sun had shone brightly for the whole day and was already setting, while the exhausted Phalangarians began to tell each other their doubts, whether they and their animals had sufficient strength remaining to reach the fort, when they were suddenly and joyfully startled by the report of a rifle in the east.

Carrel, Adam and Hector fired their rifles as fast as possible, whereupon a deadly silence prevailed for a few minutes among the company, when their anxiety was relieved by three double-shots in quick succession and of equal loudness, which proved that they were fired near each other.

Scarcely had 'California' been answered with 'Phalanx,' when Gaston and Arland arrived, galloping on their mules. A joyful confusion prevailed for some minutes—questions and answers could scarcely be discerned, when Carrel told the new-comers in a few words the last events; whereupon Gaston acquainted the company with what follows:

Ned reached the fort with Matador, and the other animals in due time, followed on the next day by the six mules and two ponies, which had been taken by Mateo and the other six marauders at Valerio's habitation. Some straggling Camanches had soon made their appearance around the fort, but finding it well guarded, they durst not attack it, and were probably driven away by the falling snow and increasing cold.

Not a quarter of an hour had elapsed, when the company were cheered by the arrival of Ned, with mules and ponies. As a careful hostler, Ned brought a quantity of water-plants, which he had just finished packing upon his animals for transporting to the fort. Matador, the faithful messenger, was caressed by all who owed their rescue to his useful services. Night was setting in, when the whole party

mounted upon the fresh animals, and rather late in the evening on the 31st of January, 1850, the over-fatigued adventurers arrived at the Phalanx fort, where they enjoyed a hearty supper, consisting of hot rice-cakes and beef-steaks of red-deer, &c.

The whole succeeding day was spent in conversation, eating and drinking, in order to restore the sufferers to their former strength.

The regulations of the company, as they had been established at the commencement of their residence in the fort, were kept in force until 5th of February, when Carrel, Hector, and Clark, fearing starvation from the little provision in the fort, and the little prospect of being able to add to it by killing game or otherwise on the route to California, resolved upon returning to the States; and accordingly, after taking an affectionate leave of the inmates of the fort, left on their dreary journey back to St. Louis, Mo., where they arrived, after undergoing many privations and hardships, on the 1st of March, 1850. Previous to their departure from the fort, the more persevering Phalangarians had re-organized and determined to pursue their journey, as soon as the condition of the disabled members would permit. Adam promised to continue his journal up to about two weeks after their arrival in California, should they be so fortunate as to ever reach that country,—when he was to forward it to the United States by express, and which, should this meet with remunerating favour, will be published soon.

THE END.



